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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS























AN  
**ESSAY ON HUNTING.**











# Essay ON HUNTING.

COMPRISING		
HUNTING	PASTIME	THE HORSE
LAWFULNESS	GAME	HUNTMAN
BENEFITS	SCENT	SAGACITY.
PLEASURE	HOUNDS	Ac. Ac. Ac.

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AN  
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**INTRODUCTION.**



Remember when I was a Boy I had conceived an high Admiration of the People going by the Name of Authors; and took it for granted the Person that was able to *make a Book*, must

needs be a profound Schollard. But I have long since laid aside that childish Prejudice; am now convinced by plentiful Instances that it requires no greater Talents to write than to talk eternally; and that in scribbling as well as prattling, Vanity and Vivacity go oftener to furnish out the *Copia Verborum*, than Learning and good Sense.

I have observed also some few other Causes of the Effusion of Ink and Waste of Paper; that Zeal for a Party, flattering Men in power, Thirst after Preferment, Envy at the Successful, the strange Pleasures

Pleasures of justifying or palliating the Vices of the Age ; the Pride of disgracing or overturning those Principles that our wise Forefathers held for sacred, and very often the Vapours of Idleness itself are the means of bringing large Bundles to the Press.

No wonder then that the Torrent of Books and Pamphlets so impetuous in this Generation, when the Springs that feed it are so numerous and pregnant. If Vice, Vanity, Faction, Malice, Corruption and Avarice be Furniture for an Author, 'tis marvellous there is yet Paper left for a little harmless Impertinence. Having therefore a few Thoughts to communicate to the most inoffensive Class of my Fellow-subjects, I think I have a Right to lay hold on a few Sheets before the Stock is exhausted : And I presume on Pardon from the loquacious World, if among so many Treatises, Vindications, Replies, Journals, Craftsmen, Hyp-doctors and Lay-preachers, the Press be borrowed a Day or two for a plain Essay on the innocent Recreation of us Country Squires.

I could yet add some plausible Excuses for my unexpected appearing as an Author. The Garrulity natural to old age ; the tedious Hours that remain upon my Hands when the Scent will not lie ; the usual *Importunity of Friends, &c.* would be some apology ; but I have one thing particular to say for my self, that I have some small Acquaintance and Experience in the Subject of which I treat. This is a Circumstance little regarded by the judicious Moderns. Be a Writer never so trifling or ignorant, there are Readers enough of the same Class and Genius ; and, provided a Book has the Taste and Relish suitable to the Times ; the Justness of Sentiments, the Truth of Observations, or the Solidity of Arguments, are not enquired after. When a mody Writer sets himself down with the important View of gratifying a Faction, flattering his Patron, or bustling in among the Candidates for Preferment, Place, or Pension ;

Pension; when he dips his Pen with the laudable Aim of letting the World know, that he is not of a vulgar Genius, that he expects henceforth to be lookt on as a Wit, a Free-thinker, or an Atheist; in such Case 'tis not a farthing-Matter what Theme or Sentence he prefixes in his Title-page, nor how he handles it; no, nor what Observations (so they be surely remote enough from any Thing that is good) he makes upon it. It is but getting the Bookseller, a Friend, or an Enemy to declare of the Performance, that it is prophane or seditious, that it is against Virtue, against the Clergy, or against Christ, and the Business is done: The Impression is bought off, the Author renown'd, and (especially if it be well answer'd or exposed) the Editions multiplyed.

But for my Part, I am not so ambitious of the Applause of ill Men, as to gratify their Palates at the expence of my Innocence. I give my Chapmen fairly to understand, that nothing is to be expected in the following Pages to the Disgrace of Religion or the Preachers of it. My Work is plain and rural like its Author: My Science is gotten in the green Fields, and has been my Study as well as Exercise this 40 Years. I shall be strictly faithful in the Verity of Facts, and tolerably modest in my Remarks and Conclusions. I dedicate my Labours to my Brethren *Hunters*, and am only ambitious they and such as they, may find something here that may instruct or divert them.

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## HUNTING *in general.*

**P**ERHAPS there is no greater Demonstration of the Degeneracy of the present Age, than the Neglect and Contempt of this Manly Exercise. Those useful Hours that our Fathers employed on Horse-back



back in the Fields, are lost to their Posterity betwixt a stinking Pair of Sheets. Balls and Operas, Assemblies and Masquerades, so exhaust the Spirits of the puny Creatures over Night, that Yawning and Chocolate are the main Labours and Entertainments of the Morning. The important Affairs of Barber, Milliner, Perfumer, and Looking-Glass are their Employ till the Call to Dinner; and the Bottle or Gaming-Table demand the tedious Hours that intervene before the return of the Evening Assignations. What Wonder then, if such busy, trifling, effeminate Mortals are heard to swear they have *no notion* of venturing their Bodies out of Doors in the cold Air of the Morning? I have laughed heartily to see such delicate Snock-faced Animals, judiciously interrupting their Pinches of Snuff with dull Jokes upon *Fox-Hunters*; and foppishly declaiming against an *Art* they know no more of than they do of *Greek*. It cannot be expected they should speak well of a Toil they dare not undertake; or that the *fine Things* should be fit to work without Doors, which are of the Taylor's Creation.

But it must be confessed there are some *Grecians* also, some learned Rabbies, who shoot out the Lip, and bend the Brow at us *servile, unaccountable Followers of Dogs and Horses*. But these also are full as ignorant of the Subject they rail at, as the Beaus or Ladies. For how can a poor vapoured splenetick Pedant in Night-gown and Slippers, whose Spirits are sunk, and Eyes por'd out over Indexes and Common-places; whose Youth and Health have been sacrificed to a distant Prospect of vain Titles and Dignities, to the remote Expectation of puffing and coughing out the dregs of Life over a Velvet Cushion: I say, How can such a crazy Valetudinarian, form a right Judgment of a jovial Exercise, whereof he has no Idea? How can *he* speak in the Praise of riding over Hills and Mountains, that  
hardly

hardly knows how to sit upon his Horse, or to buckle on his Spurs?

The Taste of the World is clearly altered. Avarice and Ambition have taken Possession of the Hearts of Men, who by Nature were qualified for more innocent Pursuits: And those manly Toils which laid the Foundations of Prowess and Glory in the ancient Heroes, (such as *Hercules, Ninus, Cyrus, Romulus, Tamerlain; William the Conqueror of England, Henry the Fourth of France, &c.*) are now exchanged for Sophistry and Quibbling, Briguing and Flattery, Craft and Corruption, Stock-jobbing and Place-Hunting.

But there is yet a Remnant, a small Remnant, whose Souls are superior to these sordid Motives. To such as these I address my Service: I shall briefly persuade them of the Lawfulness and Benefits of this noble Science; and then present them with a few Observations, that may probably conduce to their better Practice and Enjoyment of it.



### LAWFULNESS.

**D**ID I write with a Design of increasing our Society, I could nick the Business, by granting all the Objections against Hunting; by admitting it to be a *brutish, barbarous, sinful Waste of precious Time, and a Persecution of innocent Creatures; contrary to the Laws of God and Nature.*

Were such a Declaration to be found in our *Bibles*, or maintained by a Bench of *Orthodox Divines*; we should soon unstock the Theatres and Assemblies, and go nigh to depopulate our gaudy Metropolis of its *plus-beau* Inhabitants. For the *Iniquity of the Thing* would recommend it to Practice; and every Argument of its Unlawfulness, or Impiety, would render it more *Genteel and Fashionable*. 'Tis impossible

impossible to conceive what else could establish the unparallel'd Enormities of the present Age; or excite in rational Creatures such Desires as were unknown to our Ancestors. Is there any Temptation to make Choice of the Lord's-Day for Gaming, Travelling, and running of Races, but the Ambition to excel in Irreligion and Prophaneness? What less Consideration can induce my *Lord Feeble* to keep a Mistress that he has not strength to enjoy; or enflame the Heart of the *Noble Damon* with Lust after his Neighbour's Wife, when he has one of his own so much fairer and younger? For what Reason doth the eloquent *Thraso* lard his Declamations with Oaths and Curses, were it not to demonstrate that he fears not that Being, who has positively declared not to *hold him Guiltless*? And why does Madam Haughty make it in her Articles to be married at Midnight, and in a private Chamber, did it not approach to the delicious Sin of the *forbidden Fruit*?

But it is not my Aim to increase our Numbers, to the Destruction of the Game; or to invite into our Fraternity of Hunters, Men who are Enemies to Virtue. I shall therefore leave such Reprobates to their private Reflections, and not molest them in running the Way after their new Inventions. The Word I have to say is to my wiser Brethren, to satisfy their Consciences in the Integrity of their Doings; and to fortify them with an Answer to affected Objections against their innocent Diversions.

The Destruction of ravenous Beasts of Prey will not be envied us by our most querulous Opponents: and for taking the others, I need only to mention the large Sovereignty given to *Adam*, and the Commission to *Noah*.

*Obj.* But though it be lawful to hunt and destroy the noxious Vermin, and tolerably justifiable to  
seat



seat ourselves down to a Dish of Venison; yet is it not a barbarous and cruel Diversion, to persecute a poor harmless, helpless Creature, over Hills and Mountains, two or three Hours together, with a bawling, terrifying Cry of Dogs at his Heels; which makes the Fright and Astonishment of the Animal, a Thousand Times worse than Death it self?

To this I answer. The tender-hearted Christians who make this Objection, should first make it evident that the irrational Animals are capable of *Fear*. Fear is a human Passion, founded on Reason, accompanied with it, subservient to it. It was given to Man, in order to excite his Obedience to his Maker; and to put him upon thinking and devising Means for his Safety and Deliverance in Time of Danger, Persecution, or Temptation. But to bestow this Passion where it must be useless and troublesome, on a Creature which has no Sense of moral Evil, not the least Notion of League or Society, no Thought or Precaution (as I shall shew hereafter) to devise Means of Defence or Preservation, is utterly unworthy an all-wise and merciful Creator. Were the irrational Animals capable of Fear, the Hare is the greatest Object of our Pity; and yet has God made her for Destruction? There is something so delicious and attracting in her Flesh, that she is the Game of every Carnivorous Animal. 'Tis well known she has many more cruel and mortal Enemies than fair Hunters; Enemies that spare her in no Season or Circumstance; and were it not for her generous Foes of the Kennel, she would fall a Victim to a more painful and dishonourable Death, and perish by Inches, under the wrankling Jaws of Kites or Ravens, Stotes or Polecats.

*Obj.* But would it not be more merciful to the harmless Creatures to take them in a Trap, or to shoot them in their Forms?

We

We Hunters say, the seizing a Hare in so base a way, is downright Murder. 'Tis certainly contrary to the Design of their Creation: For 'tis very plain they were made to be hunted; and that Hounds have their Beings for no other Use or Purpose in Nature, unless to take them in that delightful manner. The former we behold most exquisitely contrived for Flight, Swiftness, Scent and Sagacity: The latter attracted by the odorous Effluvia of her Feet and Body, with such an impetuous Eagerness, and endued with such a particular Subtilty to investigate her Turns and Deviations, that it is hardly a Question that the two Species were made for one another.

What can be a more convincing Instance of God's infinite Wisdom, or even of his Indulgence to the Sons of Men, than the Formation of this Animal; which naturally flies from Creatures she never beheld in her Life, makes use of the most refined Politicks to escape their Pursuits (tho' she cannot foresee whether they are the Effects of Love or Anger) and yet is forced to leave behind her such Particles of Matter as betray her Flight? Again, of how nice and curious a Contexture must be the innumerable Pores or Pipes of the Dogs Nostrils, which serve as so many Sheaths or Canals to convey the said Particles to the Brains of the Beagles, there to animate and put into motion every Limb, Joint and Muscle of their Bodies? How excellent was the Hand that furnished these Creatures with such tuneful Notes to assemble their Fellows and give Tidings to their Masters, with such an amazing Art to unravel the various Windings of the Fugitive, with so relentless Fury to pursue her to the Death? If this be Tyranny, who is the Contriver? If this be barbarous and contrary to Nature, the Lord of Nature must answer for it.

But let us for the present answer for our selves.

Let



Let us allow the Objection its intended Force: Let us be so very generous as to grant that a Hare has a full Intelligence of her Enemies Designs, that she has an Idea of Pain she never felt, a Sense and Terror of approaching Death, and that she is able to make the same Reflections we would ourselves in such a terrible Juncture; I say, granting these modest Postulatus (and they must be granted, or taken for granted before the Objection is of any Weight) I would yet ask the finest Gentleman at the Opera, the most timorous and tender Lady of the Court, if they themselves were in the Circumstances of the pitied Animal, would they be willing to be surprised by bloody Assassins in the Dark, and to be shot dead in their Beds; or would they not rather wish the liberty of flying and hiding for Life, with a fair Chance to escape their Pursuers and prolong their Days?

*Obj.* But there is yet another Objection! How can we answer so great an Apparatus, so chargeable an Attendance of Dogs and Horses, so much Time and Labour in running after a Dish of but Twelve-Penny Value? In order to evade this tremendous Article, I must divide my Adversaries, or at least challenge my Jury. I therefore except against all Midnight Revellers and Morning Snorters; all Collegiate Drones, Coffee-house Lowngers, and Butterfly-Chasers: I crave leave to exclude all Gamesters, Fops, and Masqueraders; all Fiddlers, Criticks, Poetasters, and hackney Scribblers: all Tea-Table Haunters and Lady-Hunters, as well as the whole Fraternity of the Guinea-Ordinary, the Toupee and Clock-Stocking; I say I except against all these, and humbly insist, that before they be admitted to sit in Judgment on our Time and Expences, they first prepare their own Journals or Diaries, and give a true and punctual Account of those precious Hours that have slid before their Eyes, and those weighty Sums that have past through their Fingers, and let them shew that their

Talents

Talents are better employ'd than those of us rural Fox-Hunters.

Having thus dispatch'd a very great Majority, from the Remnant I hope for a favourable Hearing. The thrifty Merchant will freely give up his Title to all the Game bred upon our Lands, provided he can have but a peaceable fingering of their more staple Products; the Farmer will welcome us with Hat in one Hand and Gate in the other, as long as we invite him to feast at *Christmas*, and pay a good Price for his Corn consumed in our Kennels and Stables; the Parsons will encourage us in this Exercise of the Body, for the spiritual Advantage of being kept out of the way of Hereticks and Infidels by *better Company*; and our Wives themselves will prudently consider us as taking Physick without fouling the House, as making Provision for hale and lasting Constitutions, and for a vigorous Posterity.



## BENEFITS.

**I SHALL** therefore among the Benefits of the Chase  
give the first place to Health.

“ Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,  
“ Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.”

The Wholsomeness of this Exercise is so universally acknowledg'd, that it is common Subject with the Poets: who, tho' their beloved Town most plentifully supplies them with Matter for their Satires, and Tools for their Flatteries, yet as often as they are inclin'd to embellish their Writings with real Praise, or Descriptions of any thing beautiful or delicious, are forc'd to lay their Scenes in the Country; and though most of those who have undertaken pompously to describe the *Chace*, are as ignorant of their Subject as the Philosopher who offer'd to instruct *Alexander* in the Art of War, yet thus far they are

all unanimous in the right, in recommending it as the most *healthy Exercise in the World*.

'Tis a plain Case that Gentlemen of Fortunes and Estates to maintain them will not work, and equally certain that if they will not work, they must play vigorously or die miserably. A Man that eats and drinks like an *Englishman*, and uses no Labour, renders above half his Muscles useless; his Joints turn like old rusty Hinges, his Glands and Strainers are loaded and obstructed with Dregs and Corruption; his whole Carcass becomes a Bog or Quagmire, and nothing but the Gout or some such Distemper, can be hoped for to his Relief, to drain the Crudities and stagnant Humours, and prolong a painful useless Life. 'Tis possible I confess for some who have naturally strong Constitutions to relieve themselves a while by periodical *Bleeding, Purging, Blistering, Vomiting, and Issues* quantum sufficit (these my honest Parson, a great Joker, tho' very sober, and orthodox, calls the *Exercises of the three great C's, Cities, Colleges, and Cathedrals*.) But how loathsome and detestable is such artificial Filthiness? How horrid is the Course of driving the Excrements thro' unnatural Channels? How foggy, unwieldy, phthisicky and helpless are such crazy Mortals, when the Affairs of their Families or the Service of their Country demand their Application? Nay, what a sluggish, stupid, splenetick, effeminate, insipid Posterity may be justly expected from such rotten Sources? 'Tis no wonder so many of our ancient Families are extinct, or degenerated into Pigmies and Milksops: What would be the Case if the decay'd Blood were not now and then recruited by a jolly, sanguine, Country Heiress; or did not the wise Ladies providently mend the Breed of their Families by the wholesome Succour of a well built Attendant?

In past Generations, in the Times of the *Peircies, Warwicks, and Talbots*, when our *English Nobility* thought themselves not above the Use of Arms; when  
they



they valued themselves on personal Prowess ; when their principal Delights were Jousts and Tournaments ; when they strove to gain the Hearts of the Ladies by bravely laying their Rivals on their Backs ; when they combated Diseases, as well as open Enemies, with shield and broad Sword ; when they purified their Blood by toilsome Marches, by lying in the Camp, and sweating under heavy Armour : What Feats of Arms do we then read of ? What personal Bravery was in those Times to be seen in our noble Ancestors ? How common was it for a Champion of 60 or 70 by his single Arm to give Terror to a Squadron, or to make Lanes among a Legion of *Frenchmen* ? With what Health and Vigour did they then return Home to the Arms of their Consorts ; what hopeful, rosy, jolly Branches were seen round their Tables ; what martial Heroes, Inheritors of their Virtues, did they leave to their Country ?

This was the certain and natural Effect of manly Exercise ; of looking after their Farms, Plantations and Improvements ; of freeing their Country from pernicious Vermin in Times of Peace, and personally defending it with Spear and Battle-Ax from the Invasions of its Enemies : They improved the Strength and Activity of their Nerves by tossing the Bar, and vaulting on the Backs of their prancing Coursers ; they harden'd their Constitutions by Cold and Hunger, and dispell'd the Vapours of the Evening's Indulgence by the Toils of the Morning ; they needed no Cordial but the fresh reviving Balsams of the Air, no Cold Bath but the Breezes of the Mountains, nor had they (after fasting till the Business or Pleasure of the Day was over) the least occasion to unload their Stomachs by a poisonous Vomit ; their Glands were drained thro' every Pore of their Skin, their Lungs were open'd by vigorous Pursuit after their Enemies or their Game ; their Joints retained the Activity of Youth by constant Motion ; every Fibre of their  
Muscles

Muscles had his turn to be new strung, screw'd up and tun'd by variety of Posture and Employ.

But all this is too rigid and violent, too *vulgar* and *clownish* for our modern Quality; such delicate Skins are fitter for Perfumes than Dust and Sweat! They have generously resign'd every painful Employment to us rural Squires, Fox-hunters, and Farmers! To us then must they come for Champions to defend them in the Field; from us must they recruit their *fighting* Armies as well as their Courts and Councils; 'tis here they must be supply'd as often as there is occasion of a clear Head or a vigorous Hand, of Expedition, Resolution, Strength or Valour.

Everyone observes that the Fogs, Vapours, or Diseases of the Body, cast a Mist, Biass, and Poverty on the Mind; that the Health, Strength, and Soundness of the former is communicated to the latter; and consequently that the only fit Person both for Advice and Execution is the lively Sportsman. Who so likely to gain a Rampart or mount an Intrenchment, as he whose long Practice has been scaling the Fortifications of Meadows and Inclosures? Who so proper to manage his Horse with Address and Intrepidity in time of Action, as he whose Trade and Occupation is leaping over Five-bar Gates, Hedges, and Stone Walls? Habit and Experience qualifies the Fox-hunter for the Sap, or for the Storm, to unkennel, or to pursue; long Custom has made him acquainted with all sorts of Ground, with Hills and Vallies, Morasses and Desarts, Streights and Precipices; has enabled him to excel in March or Forage, in Ambush or Surprise, in Attack or Retreat.

I remember the Time of the Revolution, when our great *Deliverer the Prince of Orange* landed in the West; at the critical Juncture he was at the utmost loss for Conveyance of his heavy Baggage and Artillery; he had then about him renowned Generals (himself the greatest) and mighty Numbers of Courtiers

tiers and Nobility came flocking to him; but that one Difficulty put them all to a Stand, nor was there an Engineer learned enough to encounter the Obstacles they felt from the Narrowness of the Roads and the want of Draught-horses: At last the brave *Barrington* (one of the greatest Hunters in *England*) waited on his Highness; (like a God in the Scene) he untied the Knot, and devised an Expedient, an Expedient on which the Celerity of the March and the Safety of the three Kingdoms almost entirely depended. I was many years afterwards in a Company of young jolly Fellows with the same Old Hero (some Years past his grand Climacterick) and had the Pleasure to hear him challenge a Fall with any one of the Company. How many Beau, *Standing-Army*, Spit-Frog Commission-Officers (*Quatre-Vent*) would he at that Age have driven to Market with his single Hunting-Pole?

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## PLEASURE.

**I**N shewing my Readers the Pleasures of the Chase. I am very diffident of giving satisfaction! For as on one Side the *ver. Adept*, who have a true Gust and Relish of their Art, will think the strongest Words or Metaphors I can invent to be far short of a lively Description; so every Touch that does but approach to Nature or Verity, will be treated by the Ignorant as incredible or ridiculous. Poor Souls, 'tis the Pearl to the Roost-Cock!

What Pleasure can there be in riding Whip and Spur after a bawling Pack of Dogs, says my *Lord Fopling*? What Satisfaction can be felt in sweating a whole Day after a Twelve-Penny Purchase, says the *Miser and Stockjobber*? What Ambition is gratified in the Conquest of a Hare, or the Slaughter of a Fox,

says



says the *saucy Courtier*? These are weighty Questions; I desire them therefore severally to accept of these weighty Answers. First, here is Joy without *Guilt or Repentance*. Secondly, here is a savoury Dish, and a Stomach to digest it, without *Lying or Knavery*. Thirdly, here is Ambition indulg'd without *Envy, Corruption, or servile Flattery*.

The Pleasures of this World consist in Imagination, in raising the Spirits to a warm Expectation; and in gratifying the Desires by Fruition of the Object. Let any Man behold with what Joy and Triumph the Hunter returns after a successful Chace! Hearken with what Transports he recounts his Adventures! See the Gaiety and Good-nature that shine in his Face and season his Conversation!

*Obj.* But is not all this doating on Trifles, and being captivated with Baubles?

Trifles and Baubles are all the Pleasures of this transitory State; but not always *innocent*. Consider, and compare the more celebrated Enjoyments of rational Creatures, so earnestly pursued, and so dearly paid for. The overthrow of an Army, or the taking of a Town, exalts the General to the Stars; though purchased by the Murder of Ten Thousand Innocents, and followed by the Tears of Widows and Orphans. What Shouts do we hear at the distancing a Horse, or Fall of a Game-Cock, though the Heart of their Masters have been aching for Fear, the whole Time of the Heat or Combat; and though they are bitterly sensible that, the next Adventure, Fortune may strip them of their Gains and Triumphs? In what a childish Extacy is the Gamester at the lucky Fall of a Die; though he cannot but be conscious the next Cast or two, may make him a Beggar? But the cheerful Huntsman makes *War* without a *Tax*; conquers without a Groan; has no Stake to lose; and if his Expedition is less prosperous to Day, he assures himself of



Victory and Revenge the next fair Weather. A whimsical Fellow of my Acquaintance, laying out his Rhetorick in Praise of his Profession, would commonly compare running down a Hare to the courting a Mistress; and merrily run a long Parallel betwixt the Doublings and Dodgings of the former, and the Coquetries of the latter. He was one Day talking in this mad Strain, when a *French Gentleman* sitting by, that had been a general Courtier 'till the 18th Year, and had just six Weeks before resign'd his Liberty to a jolly *English Widow*, pray'd him to add this Circumstance to his Comparison, that (in both) the *Pursuit* is much the greatest Part of the Pleasure. However (says Monsieur, with a heavy sigh) *Dere is a tres-grand difference in the End of de Shaise; for in Pursuit after de Lady, de Hunter himself is de plus often caught.*

But to return to my Subject. How far will Men travel, what Labour will they take, to be only Spectators of Trials of Skill? This bare Curiosity has a greater Attachment for inquisitive Mortals than even Duty or Interest. Why else did the learned *Athenians*, and almost every *Grecian*, leave his Affairs, and run a gazing at the Olympick Games? Why did the Ancient Heroes, Princes and Emperors, take so great Delight in gladiatory Shews, fighting of wild Beasts, Wrestlings and Boxings? Why do such Crowds of our present Nobility, Scholars, Merchants, Mechanicks, Clowns, and even Ladies, hurry away with such Eagerness and Precipitation, to see (or be seen at) every Horse-Race or Cudgel-playing? What is all this for, but the bewitching Curiosity of beholding (or often only hearing others say) who performed best; what Art, Address, Activity, or Courage, was shewn by the Contenders?

But yet, after all, how horrid a Spectacle is that of breaking of human Limbs, bruising their Noses,  
or

or letting out their Guts? How trifling and transient is the momentary Joy of just glancing an Eye on two or three Dwarfs in silken Doublets, flying by on Horseback? What Comfort can the Ladies themselves feel in the bare Prospect of a pair of Running-Footmen, (though as *naked* as they were born) when the Throng is so great they are not able to come near them? If *innocent Curiosity* has any Charms for these sprightly Heroines, let them mount their Palfreys in a pleasant Morning; let them feast their beautiful Eyes with the Prospect of the verdant Fields, and the shady Groves; let them lend their Ears to the soft Flatteries of the whispering Zephyrs, and the charming Musick of the tuneful Beagles; let them shew their Vigor by following the Game; and please their Fancies with the View of the nicest and most vigorous Trials of Skill and Courage. There shall they behold the glad Squires, on their gallant Coursers, every one ambitious with joyful Face to shew his Activity, and to recommend an able and healthy Body to their Ladyship's Approbation. There shall they discern each Dog as ambitiously striving to excel in the Acuteness of his Nostrils, the Swiftmess of his Heels, and in Subtilty to unravel the intricate Labyrinths of the timorous Hare: And with what Pleasure may they observe the feeble Fugitive casting them behind by the Nimbleness of her Flight; puzzling them with the most politick Shifts and Devices, and putting a Hundred Tricks upon them to interrupt their Pursuit, and bring them to a Loss?

The Vulgar cannot have the least Notion of these noble Entertainments. These Things are above the Apprehension of those who inhabit *blind Allies* and *dark Piazza's*; who smell no Air but what is impregnated with the Fumes of Pissing-Corners and Close-stools; nor draw a Breath but what has past and repast a Hundred times through the Bowels  
of

of Porters, Bawds and Beggars. Our wise Citizens have very prudently organised the Morning for *Sleeping*: Since he that is first up, and abroad in the Streets, is sure to be treated with a Thousand Prospects of the *Hesperia Crapula*. But fol! let us return to the delicious Country.

I wish our morose Philosophers could but once be Witnesses of the Gladness I have often diffused through a whole Parish by a Visit with my Cry! Poor fainting Puss having in vain made Trial of the Hills and Heath-Fields, at last ventures to expose her Fortune to the High-ways and Villages. The Pack follows with full Mouth, making the Tower and Chimneys eccho to the tuneful Melody. At the enchanting Sound, what single Soul does not forget every other Call of Mammon or the Flesh, and (throwing down his Food, his Tools, or his very Prayer-Book) run out to partake? The Thresher in his Shirt and reeden Fillet, hastily exposes the open Barn to the Pigs and Poultry: The whistling Ploughman drops his Tune, and leaves his Cattle staring at the Tumult: And the Taylor follows after, Shpshoed and Hatless, with his Thread over his Shoulder. The Schoolboy flies from the hated Belfrey to the top of the Tower: The old Women hobble out three Steps beyond the Door, before they think on their Crutches; and even the Parson of the Parish (though the gravest Man alive) mounts the old Pacer; and, if he can but keep in upon the *Canterborn*, is so gay and youthly, as to join his Halloo in Chorus with the Boys. Such a Moment is able to bring him back from Sixty to Eighteen. I was lately in a Company of very worthy People, where we had the Pleasure of a small Consort of Musick; a good Hand on the Violin, and a young Lady (esteemed a top Mistress) sung and play'd on a very fine Harpsicord. 'Tis the Fashion (you know) for every one to com-



commend ; and the most insensible Auditor, for fear of discovering his own Ignorance, must seem to be in Raptures. The Lady performed to Admiration ; one stared ; another talked of Angels, and the Spheres ; a third wept ; a fourth was ready to drop into a Trance : At last a very honest Gentleman that sat by in a musing Posture, having his Ears shaken with a longer and louder Quiver than ordinary, look'd abroad, and gave me a Nod and Wink, with this ingenious remark ; *By jingo I never heard any thing better, but a Cry of Dogs ; she draws out her Note like my old Toler.* The Lady, herself, was not unacquainted with the Attractions of Hunting ; and (as she told me afterwards) she was more proud of this honest sincere Compliment from *Toler's* Master, than of all the rest she received on the Occasion.

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### PASTIME.

**T**HIS I distinguish from Pleasure ; because, though there is no Pleasure but passes the Time, yet, there are many Means of passing away Time, that are hardly pleasant, but rather tedious or criminal.

In what particular Employments or Recreations the Sons of *Adam* were to have spent their Hours, (more than in the constant Praises of the Creator) had they not fallen from Paradise, I shall leave to the Descriptions of those who have the best Notions of fine delicious Gardens ; or who are acquainted with the Elysian Fields of the Poets. But upon swallowing the fatal Bait, and tainting the Blood of all Generations by the Leaven of Disobedience, it was immediately denounced (no less for our Security against future Temptation, than for Punish-  
ment

ment for past Transgression) that of the *Sweat of our Brows we should eat our Bread*. To ratify this Sentence, did Almighty Wisdom not only incumber the Land we inhabit with Weeds and Vermin; with a constant Necessity of draining, watering, turning, cleansing, dressing, and all sorts of laborious Improvements; but has providentially suffered us, by our own Follies, so to entangle, perplex and disorder the Affairs of Societies, Cities and Kingdoms; that there is no Person who really wants Employment in the World; not one that (without Neglect of Duty and Interest) can be *truly idle*.

By the original Grant the good Things of the Earth are common to its Inhabitants, with Obligation to labour and with Right to enjoy; and it is the Aim and Nature of the Christian Dispensation to restore us to that just and blessed *Equality*. But these perfect Rules can never be practised by imperfect sinful Creatures; and whilst the Appetites of the corrupt Flesh will prevail on some to be lazy, wasteful, greedy, and rapacious, there arises a necessity of intervening Laws to secure the Product of better Mens Labours, to make those Goods and Possessions our *Property*, which were acquired by the Industry of ourselves or our Ancestors. From hence it is evident how vast Treasures and large Estates came into the Possession of some Persons and Families; and such Possessors are commonly the Envy of the poor Labourer and Mechanick, as Men who are *exempt from the Toils of Life*, who have nothing to do, or who are able to afford to live *idle*.

But this is a great Mistake of the Vulgar! 'Tis true, rich Men have Servants enough to do their Drudgery, but those very Servants are Employments for their Masters. Let no Man be envied for want of Trouble and Business who has a large Family to wait upon, provide for, and keep in order! If this is not enough, let it be remember'd also, that Part  
of

of every Gentleman's Time is due to his Country ; to the Defence of that Society, whereof he is a Member, against foreign Enemies or Invaders ; to the improving, Execution, and Maintenance of those Laws and Constitutions, from whence he has his Protection for so large a Peculiar. There is yet another Employment of Time, that was *formerly* thought more particularly incumbent on the Great and Prosperous ; that is, to *remember their Creator*, to adore his Goodness, to enquire into his Will, to make him constant daily Acknowledgments for his abundant Mercies, and to shew a grateful Sense of his Favours, by a generous Protection of the Weak and Innocent, by Works of *Charity* and *universal Benevolence*. But all this is now obsolete !

These are indeed fine Things to talk of, but they are not to be practised ! They are perfectly out of *Fashion, ridiculous, intolerable !* It cannot be expected in this *refin'd Age* that Persons of high Quality, great Wit, and polite Education, should be such *odd Creatures*, as to say their Prayers, or give their Attendance to religious Assemblies ; that they should find a Time to look into their *Bibles*, to concern themselves with the Necessities of the *profane Vulgar*, or to enquire into the Affairs of their Tenants, their Families, or their Fellow Christians !

Seeing then Circumstances so stand, that to be a *fine Gentleman*, a Man must by no means employ himself in any thing that is *good* ; I will only advise him to find out a *Pastime* that is in itself indifferent ; for *meer Idleness is the Parent of Mischief* : one who has nothing to do is expos'd to every Temptation, and stands at Sale (like a Beast in the Market) to the first Bidder, the *World* or the *Devil*. I would therefore allow our *mody Ladies* to dedicate a full third of their Time to *Basset* or *Quadrille*, upon condition they do not run so deep as to spoil their Beauty by blubbering or scolding, nor expose themselves



selves to a necessity of paying their *Debts of Honour* by *dishonouring* their Husbands. I would contentedly compound with *Doctors* and *Dignitaries*, Fellows of Houses, and Noblemens' Chaplains, to kill a good Quantity of their tedious Hours at Back-Gammon, or in burning Tobacco, provided they would be so civil to pay their Compliments to their Mother the Church on the more *solemn Occasions*, and to make no publick Profession of Opinions contrary to those they have *sworn to* and *subscribed*, and by which they *live*. And who would deny a Country Squire to secure his Health by the Diversions of the Field, if he would but take care not to be too free with the *Punch-Bowl* afterwards? If we did not *Hurt* (as a good Woman of 80 said in excuse of her Matrimony) we should do *worse*! For Men void of all Occupation, have (like the Pigs) nothing to do but to study Mischief. Our learned Divines may talk of carnal Appetites and Affections, as long as they please, I can never believe but the Seed of all Iniquity is in the *Mind*; in that Part resides the Ferment of original Sin; our Bodies would be quiet and regular enough if we did not teaze and provoke them into Action by our vicious Imaginations? What else can make an Old Miser that wallows in Riches, covetous after more? What other Reason can we give that our Species is disgrac'd by so many impotent Leechers, feeble Gluttons, and gray-bearded Flatterers for Title and Preferment? How could the Sons of Men be so much worse than the irrational Beasts, did not that thinking Faculty that should guide them lead them astray?

I would therefore advise every genteel *Britton* to contrive *Employment* for his *leisure Hours*. To the want of this are justly imputed the many new and monstrous Enormities of the Times; they are the natural consequence of the mody Fancy of our Gentry have lately taken into their Heads, to spend their Days and their Estates in *London*, to reside in a Place  
where



where they can have nothing to do but to enquire after new Follies and Vices, and study new Debaucheries. A blunt Old Neighbour of mine, of good Sense and Substance (tho' not very well skill'd in the Mysteries of Government) was used to curse the Members of the last Parl -t for being so long doing their Business; and often tells *Sir Thomas* to his Face, that he will spoil his *Wife and Children* by letting them become so well acquainted with the idle *Cuy*. In the same rough way he talks of the Army, and says he stands more in fear of the *Idleness* they spread than of the Arms they carry. And one Day upon reading the acute *Walsingham*, he threw down his Pipe, and with some Passion, says he, *A standing Army in an Island in time of Peace, is no less absurd than a Pack of Dogs on Shipboard.*

Here I would fain have interpos'd and distinguish'd a little——But he would go on in his hasty way to declaim against *Idleness*, to maintain *that* to be the Spring and Foundation of all our Corruptions; that hence was deriv'd so much Vice and Immorality, Profaneness and Sedition, Libels against the King, Blasphemies against God. “What else (quoth he) engenders our noisy Politicians and pretended Patriots, but lying *out of Business*? What would become of our *Devisers of Novelty* and *Reformers of Religion*, had they Credit or Capacity to get into *Employment*, either in Church or State!”

It was not my Design to enter into dispute with my warm Neighbour, especially in Politicks; but I was forc'd to admit it as a serious *Truth*, that it must be *too much Leisure* that raises up so many impertinent *Scribblers* against a Religion which tends to the Happiness of social Creatures; against an *Establishment* that binds or burdens those only who *live* by it; that indulges the Scruples and Absence of such as approve it not; that patiently hears itself abused and reviled by *Ment* that know not what they say, nor whereof they

*they affirm.* Strange Undertaking! Monstrous Industry! Did their Style or way of arguing discover Reflection or Penetration enough to justify the Suspicion, I should imagine them to be Papists and Jesuits in disguise; for 'tis obvious to any one, that from Infidelity to Popery, from no Religion to the Religion of Violence, is a very natural and necessary Transition.

But I say I would rather charitably hope that all these Bundles of profane Impertinence is only for want of better *Employment*. Our Gentry especially of the unbelieving Gang (for the wretched Hackney Scribblers, who rail and lie for a cast Garment or Belly-full of Porter, are not worthy notice) our Quality. I say, having the Misfortune of Estates provided to their Hands, and wanting Spirits for more manly Diversions, have no way to make themselves talk'd of or distinguish'd but by turning Authors. As want of Business puts them upon *scribbling*, so want of Genius obliges them to scribble on such Subjects as will relish with the Age, without *Sense or Learning*.

Or perhaps such Writing all this while is but a *Distemper*, and has its mechanical Causes! The Vapours, that Nature design'd to be discuss'd by wholesome *Exercise*, arise together with the Stenches of the City into their Pericraniums, and there so heat and delude their Imaginations, that the distracted Wretches (like a Preacher I once heard in the Hospital of *Moorfields*.) come to fancy themselves *Lights* or *Lanthorns*, and hold themselves out with great Charity to all those (and enough such there are) who are at *Leisure* to harken to their incoherent Rhapsodies. Madmen there have been in all Ages! But what Denomination, what Place shall we assign to Churchmen themselves who are of this raving Number? What can those plead for themselves before the just Tribunal of God or Man, those who lay hold on Offices and Preferments upon solemn Oaths, Articles  
and

and Conditions subscribed and sworn to, who afterwards renounce those Articles and Conditions, and yet fraudulently retain and riot in the annex'd Preferments? Not *Bedlam*, but *Bridewell*.

How much is it to be wish'd that such bold Violators of Law and Conscience had been brought up to spend their Fury in only transgressing Gates and Hedges? How much better had such Lungs and Talents been employ'd in hallooing, and winding the Horn? How happy had it been for themselves and their Country, had their Ambition been gratify'd with the chief Command over the Kennel or Stable?



### G A M E.

**T**HERE is certainly something noble and heroic in hunting the wild Boar, the Tyger, and the Lion; but we inhabit an Island wherein Art and Activity are more requisite to the Huntsman than Strength of Body, and where Safety must compensate for want of Glory.

The principal Games of *Great Britain* are the *Deer*, the *Fox*, the *Hare*, the *Otter*, the *Badger*, and *Martin*; tho' the three last of these would hardly deserve the Honour of being *hunted*, were they not in season in the Spring of the Year, when the poor Hare ought to be in peace to multiply her Species, and were not our young Gentlemen contented to play at a small Game rather than stand idle.

There are Authors before me on this Subject, who have with accurate Judgment and great Learning described the Pursuit after each of the Animals above mention'd, and been so particular as to lay down at large the Terms of Art, the ways of finding, recovering, and taking each distinct Species; as well as the Kinds and Marks of the Dogs proper to be chosen



sen for the different Games; to such therefore I refer my Readers, it being my Design to repeat very little of other Men's Labours, and not to enlarge on Topics that every Green-Coat Officer understands, or at least pretends to do it, better than myself.

The Stag, I confess, is a noble Prize! and as the taking it requires a large Pack of Dogs, the very best of Horses, and a great Expence, to the Nobility and Men of Noble Estates I have long since resign'd it. The Pursuit after the Fox is also violent, and rather fit for those youthful Heroes who glory in breaking the Hearts of their Horses, and venturing their own Necks. The Flight of these two Animals is swift, and (tho' they make some few Heads and Turnings) most commonly in strait Lines towards a Place of Refuge at some distance; the Scent they leave is generally so high, that the Pack (though ever so well match'd) is forc'd to follow after two or three strong winded Leaders in a straggling yelping String, and the Horsemen are cast, tho' ever so well mounted; by this means the Musick is broken, the Art of the Huntsman of little Use, and the Pleasure of those who design'd to be Spectators, dwindles into Enquiries, *which way went the Dogs?* However, as these Games afford an Opportunity to our generous Youth to shew the Courage, to boast of the Performance of themselves and their Horses, and to excel one another in Feats of Activity; as the Preservation of Lambs or Geese is an Act of Charity to the honest Farmer; and as a Venison-Pasty is a savoury Ornament to my Lady's Table, I would by no means depreciate the Triumphs obtain'd by our gallant *Nimrods* in the Conquest of such Beasts.

Yet I hope for Pardon from my more sprightly Brethren, if I give my Vote for the Innocent Hare above all other Game. The Transports of every mortal Breast at the sight of that little Quadruped is no less amazing than unaccountable, and has often made  
me

me inclin'd to imagine she has some hidden mechanical attractive Power over Man as well as Beast; whatever it be, it ought to be a constant Motive of Gratitude to the indulgent Creator, that has furnish'd us with this Physick, so delicious to the Taste, as well as salutary in Effect. Let the Philosopher, the grave Stoick himself be present at the tracing and unraveling the Morning Walk, and see this subtle absconding Creature suddenly starting in view of the whole Cry, and he shall feel a Passion that all his affected Apathy cannot cover, an *απολαυση* that all his most lucky Discoveries could never equal! Let the most morose and incredulous Sceptick suffer himself to be persuaded to ride the Chace, or but to stand on an Eminence and observe the perplexing Shifts and Wiles of the Flyer and Pursuers, and he must be convinc'd that God's Providence is over all his Works, that the minutest and vilest Parts of the Creation have been the Care and Contrivance of infinite Wisdom! The Swiftmess and Subtilty of this incomparable Creature demonstrate that she was made to give us Pleasure, with purpose to tempt us into the wholesome Fields: The Doubles and Indentures she is perpetually making, argues a Design in their great Creator that every Hound should come in to bear a Part of the Chorus, that each should have an Opportunity of shewing his Acuteness and Policy in the Pursuit; and the Tours and Rings she naturally traverses and repeats over the same Ground, gives an Advantage to every one of the Company to enjoy their Share, even Old Men and Maidens.

The Chace after the Fox or Stag is violent, and little more than riding and running! But the Hare displays the very *Art* of Hunting, she affords a Pleasure worthy of a Philosopher, a Curiosity that may justly raise the Admiration of the wisest Statesman, Physician, or Divine. Let the most learned and inquisitive Naturalist dissect the Carcase of this feeble  
Animal,

Animal, let him carefully trace every Sinew and Muscle, let him note the Smallness of her Head and Neck, the Fullness and Prominency of her Eyes, the Leanness of her Shoulders, the Depth of her Chest, the Largeness of her Heart and Lungs, the Strength of her Joints, the Hardness of her little Bones, the firm Braces of her Back, the Slenderness of her Belly, the portable Shape of her Paps or Udders, the Measure of her Ears, the Firmness of her Gaskins, the superior Length of her hinder Legs, the Obscurity of her Colour, and the inimitable Contexture of her Feet; and let him then declare the Causes and Ends of this wonderful Formation; let them dare to say she could have been form'd better in any one Part to qualify her for lying hid in her Form, for Nimbleness of Flight, for holding out against her Foes, or for giving Pleasure to Man.

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### S C E N T.

**A**BOVE all other Things, the Scent has been ever my Admiration: The Bulk, Size, Figure, and other Accidents or Qualities of these Parts or Portions of Matter that discharge themselves from the Bodies of these Beasts of Game, are Subjects much fitter for the Experiments and learned Descants of a Philosopher, than a simple Huntsman. Whether they are to be considered as an extraneous Stock or Treasure of Odoriferous Particles given them by divine Wisdom, for the very Purpose of Hunting? Whether they are proper identical Parts of the Animal's Body, that continually ferment and perspire from it? Whether these Exhalations are from the Breath of her Lungs, or through the Skin of her whole Body, are Questions also that deserve the Subtilty of a Virtuoso. But such Observations  
as



as long Experience has suggested to me, I shall, in the plainest manner I am able, lay before my Readers.

That these Particles are inconceivably small, is (I think) manifest from their vast Numbers. I have taken hundreds of Hares, after a Chase of two, three, four or five Hours, and could never perceive the least difference in Bulk or Weight, from those I have seized or snapt in their Forms: Nor could I ever learn from Gentlemen who have hunted Basket Hares, that they could discover any visible waste in their Bodies, any farther than may be supposed to be the effect of discharging their grosser Excrements. But supposing an Abatement of two or three Grains, or Drams, after so long a Fatigue; yet how minute and almost infinite must be the Division of so small a quantity of Matter, when it affords a Share to so many Couple of Dogs, for eight, ten, or twelve Miles successively? Deducting at the same Time, the much greater Numbers of those Particles, that are lost in the Ground, dissipated in the Air, extinguished and obscured by the fetid Perspirations of the Dogs, and other Animals; or by the very Fumes and Exhalations of the Earth itself. That these Particles are subject to such Dissipation or Corruption, every Sportsman knows; for as none of them will retain their Odour after a certain proportionable Time; so it is daily evident that this time of their Duration is very obnoxious to the Vicissitudes of the Weather; that the Scent of the Animal (as well as her more solid Flesh) will lose its sweetness sooner or later, according to the Disposition of the ambient Air. I have frequently heard the good Housewives complain that, against Rain or Thunder, their Milk will turn, and their Larders taint; and I have as often perceived that, a Storm approaching, the Scent will in a Moment change and vanish. Nor is the suddenness of such



Alteration the least Wonder, if we take into Consideration the Smallness of the Particles. The same efficient Cause may penetrate and corrupt these minute Corpuscles in the twinkling of an Eye, which requires an Hour or a Day to operate on Bodies of greater Bulk and Substance: As the same Fire or *Aqua fortis* will dissolve the Filings of Steel in an Instant; though a Pound Lump of that same Metal is so long able to resist their Violence.

That these Particles of Scent are of an equal (exactly equal) Specifick Gravity with the Particles of the Air, is demonstrated by the falling and rising of them in just Proportion to it. I have often smiled at hasty Huntsmen, to hear them rating and cursing their Dogs (that yesterday were the best in *England*) for galloping and staring with their Noses in the Air, as if their Game was flown: For often does it happen that it is in vain for them to seek after the Scent in any other Place; the increasing weight of that fluid Element having wafted it over their heads. Though even at such a Season, (after the first Mettle and Fury of the Cry is something abated) the more steady Beagles may make a shift to pick it out by the Particles left by the brush of her Feet, (especially if there be not a strong, drying, exhaling Wind, to hurry these away after the rest.) This often happens in a calm, gentle, steady Frost, when (as I conceive) the Purity, Coldness, or perhaps the Nitre of the Air, serves to fix and preserve a few remaining Particles, that they do not easily corrupt. At another Season, when the Air is light, or growing lighter, the Scent must proportionably be falling or sinking; and then every Dog (though in the height of his Courage, he pushes forwards, yet) is forced to come back again and again, and cannot make any sure Advances, but with his Nose on the Ground. When Circumstances are thus (if there be not a Storm or  
Thunder

Thunder impending to corrupt the Scent (as I said before) you may expect the most curious and lasting Sport; Puss having then a fair Opportunity to shew her Wiles, and every old or slow Dog to come in for his Share, to display his Experience, the Subtilty of his Judgment, and the Tenderness of his Nostrils. The most terrible Day for the poor Hare, is when the Air is in its mean Gravity, or *aquilibrium*, tolerably moist, but inclining to grow drier, and fann'd with the gentle Breezes of the *Zephyrs*. The moderate Gravity buoys up the Scent as high as the Dogs Breast, the Vesicles of Moisture serve as so many Canals, or Vehicles, to carry the Effluvia into the Tubes of their Noses; and the gentle Fannings help in such wise to spread and dissipate them, that every Hound, even at Eight or Ten Paces distant, (especially on the windy Side) may have his Proportion.

I advise all Gentlemen, who delight in Hunting, to provide themselves with a *Barometer*, or *Weather-Glass*. I am sorry to say that this Instrument (though a fine Invention) is still imperfectly understood by the Philosopher, as well as the Farmer; and the Index generally annexed to it of *Rain, Fair, Settled Fair, &c.* are impertinent and delusive. If the *Gravity* of the Air is the Cause of Drought, the latter should be in proportionate Degrees with the former; and yet we see the sudden or extraordinary Rising of the *Mercury*, a sure Prognostick of an approaching Change: We see it often continue to fall after the Rain is over; and we may generally observe the most settled Fair, and the greatest Rains, both happen when it is in a moderate *Height*. By the Accounts I have kept, the *Mercury* is commonly at the highest Marks in dull cloudy Weather; yet does it often fall a great deal faster before a few Drops, or a dry Mist, than an impetuous Rain; and even continue to do so after a hard Rain

is over. And what is more common than to see it descend many Days together, to the Terror of the Husbandman, in Hay or Corn-Harvest; when the Consequence, at last, is only a few Drops weighty enough to descend, though the Air was in its utmost Degree of Gravity, and the *Mercury* at Thirty-one Inches? The vulgar Solutions of these Difficulties are insufficient and puzzling; and very inconsistent with avowed Principles: And in my humble Opinion, there will never appear a certain and satisfactory Account of these perplexing Phænomena, 'till some sage Naturalist shall give himself the Trouble of a more full and compleat Diary than has yet been published; where together with the Degrees of the Barometer, Thermometer, and Hygrometer, shall be taken in (in distinct Columns) the time of the Year, the length of the Days, the Age of the Moon, the Situation of the Wind, with its Degrees of Roughness; the Colours of the Clouds at Sun Rising and Setting; the manner of flying, chattering, or flocking of Birds, and divers other concurring Tokens and Symptoms, which may be of great Use in Conjunction with the said Instruments, to settle and confirm our Prognostications. In the mean time it must be confessed, that this ingenious machine is of great use to the observant Huntsman; and when he rises in a Morning, and finds the Air moist and temperate, the Quicksilver in his glass moderately high, or gently Convex, he has a fair Invitation to prepare for his Exercise. I know it is the Custom with our juvenile Sportsmen to fix the Time, two or three Days beforehand, to meet a Friend, or to Hunt in such or such a Quarter: But appointed Matches of this kind are my Aversion and Abhorrence: He that will enjoy the Pleasure of the Chase, must ask Leave of the Heavens. Hunting is a Trade that is not to be forc'd; nor can the best Cry, that ever was cou-  
pled,



pled, make any Thing of it, unless the Air be in Tune.

The Earth also hath no small Influence on this delicious Pastime ; for though it sometimes happens (according to the Observations above) that the Scent is Floating, so that you may run down a Hare through Water and Mire (especially if you keep pretty close after her) without the Trouble of stooping : yet at such a Season, the first Fault is the Loss of your Game ; the Perspirations of her Body being wafted over Head by the Gravity of the Air, and those of her Feet being left on Elements that absorb or confound them.

This last Case very often happens at the going off of a Frost ; the Mercury is then commonly falling, and by consequence the Scent sinking to the Ground ; the Earth is naturally on such occasion fermenting ; dissolving, stinking, exhaling, and very porous ; so that it is impossible but most of the Particles must then be corrupted, buried, or overcome by stronger Vapours. 'Tis common to hear the Vulgar say, *She carries Dirt in her Heels*, but that is not all ; it being very plain by what has been observ'd, that it is not only by the Scent of the *Foot* she is so eagerly pursued.

The mention of *Frost* puts me in mind of a particular Observation of my own making, that may be useful or diverting to my Brethren of the Chace. You all make it a great Part of your Pleasure to hunt out the Walk of a Hare to her Seat, and doubtless you have often been surprizingly disappointed on such Occasions. You have many times been able to hunt the same Walk in one part of the Fields, and not in another ; you have hunted the same Walk at Ten or Eleven, which gave not the least Scent at Seven in the Morning ; and which is most provoking and perplexing of all, you have often been able to hunt it only at the wrong End, or backwards ; after  
many

many Hours Wonder and Expectation, cherishing your Dogs, and cursing your Fortune, you are in Truth never so far from your Game as when your Hunt is warmest. All these Accidents are only the Effect of the Hoar-frost, or very gross Dew (for they never happen otherwise) and from thence must the Miracle be accounted for.

I have already prov'd that a Thaw tends to corrupt the Particles, and have as good reason to maintain that the Frost fixes, covers, and preserves them. (Whether this is done by intercepting their Ascent, and precipitating them to the Ground by the gross Particles of frozen Dew, or whether by sheathing them, and protecting them from the penetrating Air (as the good Wives preserve their potted Meats and Pickles) I leave to the Learned; but the Facts are certain, and confirm'd by Experience. We have therefore only to take notice (by the way) that the hoar Frost is very often of short continuance, changeable and uncertain, both as to its Time and Place of falling; and hence all those Difficulties are easily resolved. Let the Huntsman as soon as he is out of his Bed examine but the Glass Windows, which commonly discover whether any hoar Frost has fallen, what Time it came, and in what Condition of continuance or going off it is for the present. If it appears to have fallen at Two, Three, or Four in the Morning (suppose in the Month of *October*, and other Times of the Year must be judg'd of by Proportion) and to be going off about day-break, it may then be expected that there will be a great Difficulty or Impossibility of trailing to her Seat, because her Morning Retreat being on the top of the frozen Dew, the Scent is either dissolved or corrupted with it, or dissipated and exhaled. 'Tis true (after such a Night) the Dogs will find Work in every Field, and often hunt in full Cry, but it will be generally backward, and always in vain, her Midnight Ramblings (which  
were



were covered by the Frost) being now open, fresh, and fragrant. If the said Frost begins later in the Morning, after Puss is seated, there is nothing to be done till that is gone off; and this is the reason that we often see the whole Pack picking out a Walk at Nine or Ten in the same Path where *Sweet-Lips* herself could not touch at Seven. Again, if the Frost began early enough, and continues steadily till you are gotten into the Fields, you may then make it good to her Seat, as well as at other times on naked Ground; tho' you must expect to run a great Risque of losing her at the going off of the Frost, according to the Observations already laid down.

It is also to be remember'd, that there is no small accidental difference in the very Particles of Scent! I mean, that they are stronger, sweeter, or more distinguishable at one time than at another; and that this difference is found not only in diverse, but often in the same individual Creature, according to the Changes of the Air or the Soil, as well as of her own Motions or Conditions. That there is a different Scent in other Animals of the same Species, is evident from Draught-Hounds, which were formerly made use of for tracing and pursuing Thieves and Deer-Stealers or rather from any common Cur or Spaniel, which will hunt out their Masters, or their Master's Horse, distinctly from all others: And that it is the same with the Hare, is no less visible from the old Beagles, which will not readily change for a fresh one, unless she starts in view, or unless a Fault happens that puts them in Confusion, and inclines them in Despair to take up with the next they can come by.

That the *same Hare* will at divers times emit finer or grosser Particles, is equally manifest to every one who shall observe the frequent Changes in one single Chase, the Alterations that ensue on any different Motion, and on her Degrees of sinking. The  
coursing

coursing of a Cur-Dog, or the Fright from an obvious Passenger, is often the Occasion of an unexpected Fault; and after such an Accident the Dogs must be cherished, and be put upon it again and again, before they will take it and acknowledge it for their own Game. The reason is (as I conceive) the change of the Motion causes a Change in the perspiring Particles; and as the spirits of the Dogs are all engaged and attach'd to Particles of such or such a Figure, 'tis with difficulty they come to be sensible of, or attentive to, those of a different Relish. You will pardon the Expression, if I compare old *Joaler* (in this case) to a Mathematician, who is so intent on the long perplexing Ambages of the Problem before him, that he hears not the Clock or Bell that summons him to a new Employment. The Alterations in a yielding Hare are less frequently the occasion of Faults, because they are more gradual, and, like the same Rope, insensibly tapering and growing smaller: But that Alterations there are, every Dog-boy knows by the old Hounds, which still pursue with greater Eagerness, as she is nearer her End.

I take *Motion* to be the chief Cause of shedding or discharging these scenting Particles; because she is very seldom perceived whilst quiet in her Form, tho' the Dogs are ever so near, tho' they leap over her, or (as I have often seen) even tread upon her. Indeed it sometimes happens that she is (as we say) winded where she sits. But this may be the Effect of that Train of Scent she left behind her in going to her Chair; or more probably the Consequence of her own Curiosity, in moving and rising up, (as I have also seen) to peep after and watch the Proceedings of her Adversaries. However, we must grant that these Particles of Scent (tho' the Effect of Motion) are not more gross and copious in proportion to the increasing Swiftmess of the Animal; no  
more

more than in a Watering-pot, which the swifter it passes, the less of the falling Water it bestows on the subjacent Plants.

'Tis very plain, the slower the Hare moves, the stronger and grosser, *cæteris paribus*, are those Particles she leaves behind her; which I take to be one Reason (besides the cloathing and shielding of them from the penetrating Air by the descending Frost or Dew) that the Morning Walk will give Scent so much longer than the Flight in hunting. However, 'tis as remarkable, that these odorous Particles gradually decay and end with her Life, because it requires the most curious Noses to lead the Cry when she is near her last; because she is so often entirely lost at the last Quat; and because if you knock her on the head before them, there is hardly one in the Pack that will stop or take any notice of her.

The greatest Art and Curiosity is discover'd in hunting the *Foil*, especially if she immediately steal back behind the Dogs the same Path she came: For it must require the utmost skill, to distinguish well the new Scent from the old, when both are mixed, obscured, and confounded with the strong Perspirations of so many Dogs and Horses. Yet this we have often seen performed by ready and expert Hunters. However, if the Dogs be not Masters of their Business, or if the Air be not in due Balance, the Difficulty will be the greater.

The Reader will observe that the Remarks I have made are generally on the Hare, which (as I have said) is of all others most worthy of our Speculation and Enquiry. By Analogy the hunting of the Deer or Fox will be easily understood; For tho' the Scent of these is generally higher, more obvious to the Noses of the Dogs, and in greater Plenty whilst the Particles last; yet for that very Reason (floating in the Air) they are sooner dissipated, and require a



more vigorous (tho' less subtle) Huntsman, as well as swifter Beagles.



## HOUNDS.

**M**Y learned Predecessors have been so full and copious in Descriptions of these Animals, in Directions for mending and improving the Breed, in giving Advice for chusing, paring, kenneling, feeding, physicking, entring, governing, encouraging, and correcting the loud-tongued Society, that there is little left for a New Author without Repetition or Impertinence. Let me only admire and adore the Goodness of our bountiful Father, in furnishing his Children with Creatures so innocently as well as healthfully to divert them, in supplying us with Forces for subduing and destroying those Beasts of Rapine, which would otherwise multiply, to the great Disturbance, Danger, and Destruction of the rest of the Creation!

It is a common Practice of our young Students in Philosophy, (for Use or for Diversion, either for the Love of Knowledge or of Mischief) to steal or lay hold on their Neighbours Dogs, in order to dissect them. We may hear them often displaying their Skill with pert Éloquence; boasting of their Discoveries in the Circulation of the Blood, the Contexture of the Muscles, the Progress of the Nerves, Veins and Arteries; and learnedly descanting on the Glands or Strainers, the imperceptible Ducts of the Lacteals, as well as the spiral Motion of the Bowels. To such I recommend a little farther and more particular Enquiry into the *special* Formation of these Creatures. Let them employ their Knives, their Glasses, and their Pens, to describe to us ignorant Country Squires the Organs of Sound, as well as Scent.



Scent, in this domestick Animal we so much delight in. I leave to these curious Virtuosi, to delineate the Lamina of the Beagles Noses, with those innumerable olfactory Tubes and Pores of all Sizes and Figures, that are spread over or pass thro' them. Let them nicely investigate those minute Fibres which compose their Lungs, Trachea, Lips, and Palate; those Vessels which qualify them to emit a Voice so sweet and cheerful, so proper to give notice of their Discoveries to their Master, as well as to call together their straggling Companions, to unite their Forces.

But there is a Question or two which have been sometimes put to me by my inquisitive Brethren, to which I think it incumbent upon me in this Place to give an Answer.

First, I have been asked, What or how many *different Sorts* of these Animals of Chace were originally created? What were those first Kinds, out of which so many Packs, of innumerable Shapes, Tongues, Sizes and Colours, may be supposed to be produced?

My Answer is short and plain, (yet something fuller than the Question requires) That in my Opinion, not only all Hounds and Beagles, but all Dogs whatsoever, even from the terrier Bear-Dog to the little *Flora*, are all *one* in the first *Creation*; that every Virtue and Faculty, Size or Shape, which we find or improve in every Dog upon Earth, were originally comprehended in the first Parents of the Species; and that all this Variety we behold in them, is either the natural Product of the Climate, or the accidental Effect of Soil, Food or Situation, or very frequently the Issue of human Care, Curiosity, or Caprice. Every Huntsman knows what a vast Alteration may be made in his Breed (as to Tongue, Heels, or Colour) by industriously improving the same Blood for twenty or thirty Years: And what  
Nature

Nature can do, (which wisely tends to render every Kind of Creature fit for the Country where it is to inhabit or be employed) is manifest by this; that a Couple of right Southern Hounds, removed to the North, and suffer'd to propagate without Art or Mixture in a hilly and mountainous Country, (where the Air is light and thin) will by sensible Degrees decline and degenerate into lighter Bodies, and shriller Voices, if not rougher Coats. The like Alterations may be observed in the Breeds of Sheep, Horses, and other Cattle, and indeed in every Species subject to the Art and Interest of Man, and employed to generate at his Choice and Humour. Even in those Animals that are reckon'd among the *Feræ Naturæ*, every Traveller bears witness of a remarkable Difference; and I hope the Reader will pardon the Comparison, if I affirm the same of Man himself.

That we are all (of every Nation and Language) the Sons of *Adam*, we have the Testimony of God; which to honest Hunters (who are generally of the Orthodox Party) is of sufficient Authority. As to Doubters and Scepticks, I refer them to the ancient Poets, Historians, and Geographers; who will soon supply them with innumerable Arguments and Observations, which unanswerably demonstrate the *Nority* of the World, the Migrations of Colonies, the gradual peopling of the Earth, and the propagating and spreading of the human Species from one and the same *Original*. And yet what an incredible and monstrous Variety is arisen among us, in Humour and Constitution, as well as Shape and Colour! Who could imagine the thick-lip'd *Ethiopian*, the wool-pated *Negro*, the blinking *Chinese*, the stately *Spaniard*, and the dapper *Frenchman*, to be of the same Parentage? Or, to go no further than our own Nation and Climate, how improbable may it seem, that the fashionable Nymph (who is not able to make a Visit of thirty Yards without a Chair or Coach, a Squire

Squire to lead her, or a Cane to support her) should be cast in the same Mould with the Farmer's Daughter? Or that the sturdy Champions of Queen *Bess's* Days, should be but the great Grandfathers of that puny Race which is to be seen swarming in all modern publick Assemblies, *unless it be at Church?*

*Obj.* But is there not a more substantial Distinction betwixt Curs and Greyhounds, Turnspits and Beagles? I can hardly grant it; or if there be, it will be easily accounted for by the Considerations above; by giving just Allowance for Food and Climate; by remembering that these Animals are frequent Breeders, that they generate at the Choice and Direction of their Masters, that the Fancy or Curiosity of the Sons of Men have been 5000 Years mixing and altering, improving or spoiling them. The Butcher sends for the famous Dog with the Silver Collar to couple with his Favourite, and rears up the Whelp with Blood and Garbage, to increase the Valour and Strength of this Porter. The Huntsman nourishes his close-begotten Litter with Sheep's-trotters, to invigorate their Heels: And *Belinda* gives her little *Oronoko* Brandy, to make him good for nothing but to look on, to contract his Growth into a petit Epitome of her tres-beau *Philander*.

But notwithstanding the Effects of human Industry and Contrivance are thus great and numerous, yet they are not infinite: They are still a *Ne plus* to which they are stinted; nor can all our Devices add one new Species to the Works of the Creation. Nature is still uniform as to the main; the Almighty Creator is not to be imitated by short-handed Mortals: In spite of Art our Mules will all be barren; nor can the most cunning Projector produce one amphigeneous Animal that will increase and multiply. There appears a distinct specifick Difference in all living Creatures; the Horse, the Dog, the Bear, the Goat, (however diversify'd by Art or Accident,

in



in Size or Figure) will ever discover something that appropriates to them those Names or Characters; and above all other things, the peculiar Appetites and Powers of Generation will prompt them to own and indicate their Relation. This I conceive is the most undeniable Argument that all Dogs are of one original Species; since every body knows, that no Deformity, Disproportion or Dissimilitude, can hinder any one of that Name from courting, following, or accepting the other; nor their mungrel Off-spring from enjoying the common Nature and Faculties of the Species.

But admitting the Distinctions of Hounds, Beagles, &c. as they commonly stand; I have been also consulted, what particular Sorts I would recommend for each particular Game in this Island. For the Deer, the Fox, the Otter, &c. every Sportsman knows the Breed that is most proper; But as each of them, with a little Application, will joyfully follow the sweet-scented Hare, the Query is, what Kind is preferable for that delightful Exercise?

The most satisfactory Reply to every Hunter is, that his own Kind is best. But such as are setting up a new Cry, I would advise to begin to breed on the middle-size Dogs, betwixt the Southern Hound and the Northern Beagle. 'Tis true, the finest and most curious Sport is generally with the former. Whether it be the particular Formation of their *long Trunks*, or the *extraordinary Moisture* that always cleaves to the Noses and Lips of this Sort of Dogs, I need not enquire in this Place: But certain it is, that they are endued with the most accurate Sense of smelling, and can often take and distinguish the Scent an Hour after the lighter Beagles can make nothing of it. Their Slowness also better disposes them to receive the Commands and Directions of the Huntsman; and their much Phlegm, (for there seems to be a Difference in the Constitutions of other Animals,

mals,



mals, as well as Man) I say, their Phlegm gives them Patience to proceed with Caution and Regularity; to make sure of every Step as they go, carefully to describe every Indenture, to unravel each puzzling Trick of Figure. But these grave sort of Dogs are however fittest for Masters of the same Temper: As they are able to hunt in cold Scent, they are too apt to make it so, by their want of Speed and Vigor to push forward, and keep it warm; their Exactness often renders them trifling and tedious; and like some nice Dames, who stand picking out every Dust and Mote, whilst they might dress the Meat. By this Means, though the Hunt be finer; yet the Prey, (which is by some thought necessary to compleat the Sport) very often escapes; the Length of the Chace takes up the Time, and exposes them to numerous Hazards of losing.

The *North Country Beagle* is Nimble and Vigorous; and does his Business as furiously as *Jehu* himself can wish him: He pursues Puss with the most impetuous Eagerness, gives her no Time to Breathe or Double; and (if the Scent lies high) will easily demolish a Leash, or two Brace, before Dinner. But this is too much, too short, and violent; nor is such Success often to be expected. For though this kind of Dogs are much in Request among our younger Gentry, who take Out-running and Out-riding their Neighbours, to be the best Part of the Sport; yet 'twould make one sick to be out with them in a cross Morning, when the Walk lies backward, or the Scent low and falling. The Huntsman rates, the Groom rides, the Squire swears, the Whips crack; *War-wing, War-counter, War-Sheep; P—— take ye; the D—— I had ye;* is the Burden of the Musick. Their high Mettle makes them impatient to drive the Nail as it will go; rather than stay to creep, or stoop, they push for-  
wards

wards at every Fume they catch; they cross it, over-run it; hunt backward, or hunt any Thing, to force a Trade: in short in my Opinion, 'tis impossible to make a good Pack of these, without the constant Discipline of the Whip; without perpetually hunting them, and hunting them down, to tame their Fury, and quench their Fire.

There is yet another Sort in great Favour with small Gentry, because they eat but little. These, as their Noses are very tender, and not far from the Ground, I have often seen to make tolerable Sport; but without great Care, they are flirting and maggoty, and very apt to chaunt and chatter on any, or on no Occasion. A Rabbit, Mouse, or Weasel will please them, instead of lawful Game; and in Truth 'tis seldom they understand (if I may use that Expression) their Business, or perform their Office with Judgment or Discretion.

The Mixture of all, or any of these, I should judge to be better; especially, if a distinguishable Portion of *Southern* Blood be remaining in their Veins. The managing the Litters, I must leave to the Discretion of the Squire, and his Man. But I know by Experience, a Race may be produced, that by running with less Speed, will surer and sooner arrive at the End; a Race that carry with them a good Share of the Nose, and Steadiness of the deep Curtels, the Vigour and Activity of the chackling Beagle; the Strength and Toughness of the right Buck-hound, and the tuneful Voices, that are a Compound of all; but enough of this.



### *The Horse.*

**T**HE Horse I take to be very necessary Furniture towards the Pleasure of Hunting; for  
tho'

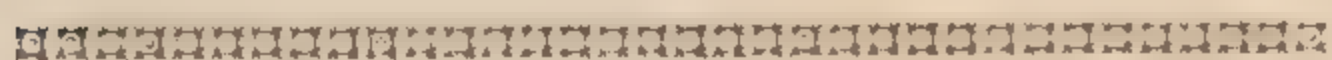
tho' I have heard of wonderful Performances among boasting Footmen, I could never yet see any Creature on two Legs keep in with the Dogs. But as every Groom, and most Gentlemen are well acquainted with the Use, Properties, Excellencies, and Management of this noble Beast, I shall offer very little on this bealen Subject; only let it be observ'd, that not every good and fleet Horse is always a good Hunter! For he may have Strength and Vigour for a long Journey, and yet not be able to bear the Shocks and Strainings of the Chace; another may be swift enough to win a Plate on a smooth Turf, which yet will be crippled or Heart-broken by one Hare in *February*. The right Hunter ought to have Strength without Weight, Courage without Fire, Speed without Labour, a free Breath, a strong Walk, a nimble, light, but large Gallop; and a swift Trot, to give Change and Ease to the more speedy Muscles.

The Marks most likely to discover a Horse of these Properties are, a vigorous, sanguine, healthy Colour, a Head and Neck as light as possible (whether handsome or not) a quick moving Eye and Ear, clean wide Jaws and Nostrils, large thin Shoulders, and high Withers, a deep Chest and short Back, large Ribs and wide Pin-bones, Tail high and stiff, Gaskins well spread, and Buttocks lean and hard; above all, let his Joints be strong and firm, and his Legs and Pasterns short; for I believe there was never yet a long limber-legg'd Horse that was able to gallop down steep Hills, and take bold Leaps with a Weight upon his Back, without sinking or foundering.

As to all Matters of Feeding, physicking, airing, &c. I refer you to the more expert Grooms, or the learned Doctors of the Hammer and Pincers; but as my way of ordering my Steed is to consult Use rather than Ornament, I always keep them in the open Air (unless the night after a hard Chace) I allow them two or three Acres of Pasture to cool their



Bellies and stretch their Limbs, with a warm Hovel to shelter them from a Storm ; a Rack and Manger, with proper Provisions to keep them in heart ; and a fresh Spring of Water in the same Field to quench their Thirst. I have known a Gelding with this Regimen to be sound, fresh, and in full Vigor, after Ten Years the hardest Hunting ; I dare promise him that shall try, to find such a one as far beyond the fine cloath'd thin skin'd Courser (*cæteris paribus*) as a rough Ploughman is fitter for Business than a soft-handed Beau.



## HUNTSMAN.

**'T**IS common enough with our young Squires to take the first wide-throated Attendant that offers his Service, and makes him his Huntsman, imagining the green Coat will qualify him for the Office ; as some set up themselves for Doctors, with no other Recommendation but a Pair of large *Eye-brows*, and a Sett of loud-sounding *Polisyllables*.

But as every Block will not make a *Mercury*, much less is he fit for a Huntsman who is not born with a natural Craft and Readiness of Mind, and has not improved those Talents by long Study, Observation, and Experience.

I once had the Pleasure of a long Conversation with a very ingenious learned Gentleman, then Seventy Years Old : Having himself hunted with all sorts of Dogs, and in most of the Counties in *England*, he entertained me with a most delightful Discourse on that Subject ; and upon my making him a Compliment on his perfect Knowledge in the Art, *Oh, Sir*, (says he) *the Life of Man is too short !* This sage Declaration was received as a Jest by some of the Company ; but I have since found it a serious Truth.



Truth: I am an Old Man myself; the Wiles of the Hare have been all along the Study of my leisure Hours, and yet I am perpetually puzzled and outwitted by that subtle Creature. When I think myself sure, she often puts some unexpected Trick upon me; and hardly do I ever lose her in tolerable scenting Weather, but (like a General after the Loss of a Battle) I can afterwards discern that it was the Effect of some Oversight, or want of Provision for such and such a Contingency. For the Conquest of a Hare (like that of an Enemy) does not depend only on rigorous Attacks or Pursuits, but there are a hundred Accidents to which the Success of the Field is obnoxious, and which ought always to be in the Head of the Huntsman, if he would come off with Glory. It is not enough with good Judgment to chuse our Forces, to raise their Courage with wholesome Food and frequent Exhortations, and to make them subject to the Word of Command by constant Discipline and Exercise; but in the *Time of Action* we ought to be arm'd with a Calmness and Presence of Mind, to observe the various Motions and Stratagems made use of to defeat us, and furnish'd with prudent Foresight and Provision for every new Emergency to which the Fortune of the Day is subject. We must never forget that every Hare (as we say of Fencers) has her *particular Play*; that however that Play is occasionally chang'd according to the Variation of Wind and Weather, the Weight of the Air, the Nature of the Ground, and the Degrees of Eagerness with which she is pursued. Nor are we to be unmindful of the numerous Accidents she may meet in her way, to turn her out of her Course, to cover her Flight, to quicken her Speed, or to furnish her with an Opportunity of new Devices. I say, it is not enough to have a general Knowledge of these Things before the Game is started; but in the Heat of Action (when we are most tempted to be in

Raptures, with the Sound of the Horns, the Melody of the Cry, and the Expectation of Success) we must carry them in our heads; every Step we make we must calmly observe the Alterations of *Soil*, the Position of the *Wind*, the Time of the *Year*; and no less take notice with what *Speed* she is driven; how far she is before; to what Place she tends; whether she is likely to keep on forward, or to turn short behind; whether she has not been met by *Passengers*, frightened by *Curs*, intercepted by *Sheep*; whether an approaching *Storm*, a rising *Wind*, a sudden *Blust* of the Sun, the going off of a *Frost*, the Repetition of *foiled Ground*, the Decay of her own strength, or any other probable Turn of Affairs, has not abated or altered the Scent. There are other Things still no less necessary to be remember'd than the former; as the particular Quality and Character of each Dog; whether the present Leaders are not apt to over-run it; which are most inclin'd to stand on the double; which are to be depended upon in the Highway, on the plough'd Ground, or a bare Turf, in an uncertain Scent, in the crossing of fresh Game, thro' a Flock of Sheep, upon the Foil or Stole-back. The Size also and Strength of the Hare will make a difference; nor must the Hounds themselves be followed so closely, or so loudly cherished when fresh and vigorous, as after they have run off their Speed and Mettle, and begin to be tired.

I would advise a young Huntsman, when the Scent lies well, always to keep himself pretty far behind: At such a Time (especially if it be against the Wind) it is impossible for the poor Hare to hold it forward; nor has she any Trick or Refuge for her Life; but to stop short, by a Way, or Path, and when all are past, to steal immediately back, which is often the Occasion of an irrecoverable Fault, in the midst of the warmest Sport and Expectations; and is the best Trick the poor Hare has for her Life  
in

in Scenting Weather. Whereas, if the Huntsman were not too forward, he would have the Advantage of seeing her steal off, and turning her aside; or more probably the Pleasure of the Dogs returning, and thrusting her up in View.

It is very common for the fleet Dog to be the great Favourite, though it would be much better, if he was hanged or exchanged. Be a Dog in his own Nature never so good, yet he is not good in that Pack, that is too slow for him. There is most times Work enough for every one of the Train, and every one ought to bear his Part. But this it is impossible for the heavy ones to do, if they are run out of Breath by the unproportionable Speed of a Light-heel'd Leader. For it is not enough that they are able to keep up (which a true Hound will labour hard for) but they must be able to do it with Ease, with Retention of Breath and Spirits, and with their Tongues at Command. It must never be expected that the Indentures of the Hare can be well covered, or her Doubles struck off, (nor is the Sport worth a Farthing) if the Harriers run yelping in a long String, like Deer or Fox-Hounds.

Another thing I would advise my Friends, is to hang up every *Liar* and *Chanter*, not sparing even those that are silly and trifling, without Nose or Sagacity. It is common enough in numerous Kennels, to keep some for their Musick or Beauty; but this is perfectly wrong. It is a certain Maxim, *that every Dog that does no Good, does a great deal of Hurt*: They serve only to foil the Ground, and confound the Scent; to scamper before, and interrupt their Betters in the most difficult Points. And I may venture to affirm (by long Experience) that Four or Five Couple, all good and trusty, will do more Execution than Thirty or Forty, where a  
third



third of them are eager and headstrong, and (like Coxcombs among Men) noisy in doing nothing.

Above all, I abhor joining with *Strangers*; for that is the way to spoil and debauch the stanchest Hunters; to turn the best Mettled into mad-headed Gallopers, Lyars and Chatterers; and to put them on nothing but out-running their Rivals, and over-running the Scent. The Emulation of leading (in Dogs, and their Masters) has been the utter Ruin of many a good Cry. Nor are *strange Huntsmen* of much better Consequence than strange Companions; for as the Skill and Excellence of these Animals consists in Use and Habit, they should be always accustomed to the same Voice, the same Notes, or Halloosings; and the same Terms of chiding, cherishing, pressing, or recalling; nor should the Country-Fellows be allowed in their Transports to extend their Throats.

It will be taken ill, if I should also speak against a *Change* of Game; because meer Squires would be at a great loss to kill some of their Time, had they nothing to kill when Hares are out of Season. However, I am well satisfied, that the *best Harriers are those that know no other*. Nor is it adviseable to let them *change* for a fresh Hare, as long as they can possibly follow the old; nor to take off their Noses from the Scent they are upon, for the cutting shorter or gaining of Ground. This last is a common Trick with Pot-hunters; but as it is unfair and barbarous to the Hare, so you will seldom find it of Advantage to the Hounds.







## SAGACITY.

THE Reader will observe that I have all along spoken of these Animals as *sagacious* Creatures; that I have (according to common Apprehension) attributed to them *Foresight* and *Cunning* thro' all my Observations; and in short, that I have harangu'd upon them like a very Huntsman. How common has it been with our hasty Fraternity, upon the Loss of a Hare, to swear *she is a Witch*? But it is my Opinion that a real Witch (if obliged to run fair, without the Aid of Broomstick or Pewter-Dishes) would not be Mistress of half the Policy, or be able to devise so many Shifts for her Life: Nor would Conjurers, Catch-Poles; or *Craftsmen* themselves (though furnish'd with four Legs) pursue their Prey with so much Eagerness, Industry or Subtilty, as an *Old Hound*.

Every Hare is no sooner started, but she seems immediately to form a Scheme, and to take into it the Gravity of the Air, the Position of the Wind, the Difference of the Soil, the Succour of a Flock of Sheep, and every other Accident or Advantage that may be most likely to baffle her Adversaries and favour her Escape. Nor is the experienc'd Hound less acute and crafty, to stop at every Double, in order to apprehend her where she squats; to try every By-path, Gate, or Gutter-Hole, to round it on that side where she seems to bend; to proportion his Speed to every Degree of Alteration in the Scent or sinking of the Foe. He seems also with no less Curiosity to distinguish the *Scent* he is engag'd in from any fresh Offer, as well as to discern and pick it out as often as she repeats the foiled Path.

It

It is very common for a Hare to run a Mile or two forward, and then, making a small Ring, to fly back in the same Tract, whilst her Enemies are puzzling at the Head of her Works: And I have been several times an Eye-witness of her beating about, and thrusting out a fresh Hare in her Place, and then saving herself by a swift Retreat, and two or three large Leaps, the better to impose upon the eager Dogs. I have also seen an old Dog, on the like Occasion, standing to his first Scent, looking over his Shoulder, and, as it were, scolding at his heedless Juniors for going on so eagerly, or for changing their Game. A hundred more of this sort of Observations you may hear from any old weather-beaten Huntsman over a Bottle of *October*.

It remains then, that we consider the Grounds of all this Sagacity (so called;) that we more strictly examine into the hidden Principles of all these Actions, and enquire into the Powers and Faculties given by the great Creator for such astonishing Operations.

Shall we believe with the Vulgar, that all this is properly the Effect of *Thought, Reflection, and Ratiocination*? Or shall we maintain, with the Schools, that a Soul merely *sensible* (without any Reason or thinking Faculty) is capable of it? Or, finally, shall we dare to suppose, or suggest, (with the exploded *Des Cartes*) that these are the Operations of *mere Matters of Machines*, nor less destitute of Sense than Reason? If I should pretend to defend the first of these Opinions, I draw upon me the Philosophers and Divines. The least Word in favour of the last, will make my jolly Brethren, and all the fair Sex, (in behalf of their *V'eny's*, their *Pugs*, and *Grimalkins*) outrageous with me: But to rest contented with the middle Hypothesis (*the Sensibility of Brutes*) is to be at War with my own Reason, and to be  
guilty

guilty of the grossest Absurdity of the three. But let us examine them severally.

A good Number of the Sages have served themselves, and perhaps satisfied their Readers, with the Word *Instinct*, which (together with its learned Brother *occult Quality*) is not a Jot more than an Evasion of the Question, a Covert for Ignorance, and perfectly equivalent to the wise Man of *Gotham's* Definition of a Windmill, *It is a Something*.

We might much better honestly make confession of our Ignorance, and end all Dispute. But we must then quit the Name of *Philosophers*, whose Pretences are to discover the Secrets of Nature, to go to the Bottom and Foundation of their Subjects, and to give a rational and intelligible Account of those Appearances and Operations, that are visible in Effect, but mysterious in the Cause. For of what Use is such a Term as *Instinct* in the Enquiry before us, when there is no Idea annexed to it? And how ridiculous is it, to offer to explain one thing by another less intelligible than itself? Let the Question be put, What is it that excites the Hound to pursue the Hare? The Answer is ready; *It is natural Instinct*. A judicious Determination! And those who feel themselves satisfied or enlighten'd by it, need read no farther.

Perhaps the Omnipotent has given Faculties to these his Creatures, that are beyond the Reach and Investigation of short-sighted Man! Perhaps he has proposed the Pleasure of these and many other Discoveries, as the Prize and Reward of the Studious and Industrious! Be it how it will, as often as we will presume to enquire into his stupendous Works, and to give a rational Account of his Ways and Proceedings with his Creatures, we must set about it with such Measures as we have, and make use of such Terms as we understand, and are agreed upon; otherwise our Candles will but dazzle our Eyes, and  
all



all our Illustrations end at last in the Plough-Man's Comparison. *'Tis like I don't know what.*

Is it then *Reason* that is the Spring of Action in the brute Creation? And shall we allow them those Powers of *remembering, reflecting, distinguishing, compounding, numbring, inferring, approving, comparing, chusing, and resolving*, which we feel in ourselves? Why then do we (by universal consent) appropriate to our Species the Privilege of *Rationality*? Wherein do these Animals differ from us? Why are they incapable of Leagues and Societies, or destitute of the Notion of moral Good or Evil? What Reason shall we assign, that their Creator has not been pleased to reveal himself to them? And why do we not qualify them with an immortal Soul, as also with an Expectation of a future State?

The Heathen Divines grounded their Claim to Immortality on the Power of *thinking*; and almost all Christians have laid hold of their Argument, and followed in their Steps. That *mere Matter* is of a *passive* Nature, divisible, corruptible, and incapable of spontaneous Motion, is granted on all Hands; and if this *spontaneous Motion*, or *Cogitation*, be a just Argument of a Soul immaterial and incorruptible in Man, how can we deny the same Consequence in other living Creatures?

To evade this Conclusion, the judicious Mr. *Locke* has complimented Matter, with a Faculty of which in its own Nature he confesses it incapable; and has laboured to maintain, that the omnipotent *Creator* is able to furnish it with a *Power of thinking*.

But this Assertion is perfectly sophistical, unworthy of a Philosopher, unworthy of Mr. *Locke*, and even utterly inconsistent with his own Principles. That renowned Author has laid it down as a Maxim in fair Argumentation, that no *Term* ought to be made use of in a Sense contrary to, or beyond the vulgar received Ideas annexed to that Term. This

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I entirely agree to, and am of an opinion that a false Term in reasoning is like false Coin in dealing; that he is as much a Cheat who puts off a Word in a Sense different from its current Meaning, as he that pays a Bath Shilling instead of a Guinea. This, I say, is Mr. *Locke's* Maxim, and the Use he makes of it explains his Meaning: That an *Ideot* or *Monster* (tho' born of human Parents) cannot be said to be a *Man*, because *Rationality* is one of the chief Ideas in Man's Definition. Let me then ask Mr. *Locke*, Is Thinking an Idea annex'd to Matter? Do we take Cogitation into our Definition of it? Or is there not more than mere Matter in our Thoughts, when we seriously talk of *Reason and Reflection*?

It has ever been acknowledged, that God cannot do what in its own Nature implies a *Contradiction*; at least it is absurd in a Philosopher to assert, that any Action is naturally impossible, and yet that it may be done. It is impossible that a dead Carcase should naturally speak or walk, nor can we affirm that any *Power* can produce these Actions in a dead Carcase, because they are totally repugnant and inconsistent with our Ideas of it. 'Tis true, we have Instances (on the Authority of the Gospel) that a Carcase *once dead* may afterwards perform the Actions abovesaid, by that Almighty Power *which of Stones can raise up Children to Abraham*. But a *living Soul* must first be given, or restored, both to the one and the other, before the Effect is produced, otherwise our Ideas of a dead Carcase are false: For according to these Ideas, to say it is *possible for a dead Carcase to speak*, is no less absurd than to say it is possible for it to be dead and not dead, *to be and not to be*, at the same Time.

It is no less false and contradictory, to affirm that *mere Matter can think*, than that a *Horse can fly*. 'Tis true, the Almighty can super-add Wings to such an Animal; but then he would cease to be an Horse; he  
would

would possess a Property utterly inconsistent with our settled Ideas of that Creature; and to assert that this *flying thing* is a *Horse*, is no less absurd, (by Mr. *Locke's* own Maxims in Reasoning) than to say, an irrational *Ideot* is a *Man*; or, in Truth to affirm, that this is a *Horse* and not a *Horse*, at the same Time.

When, therefore, it is maintained by that eminent Virtuoso, that Omnipotence can bestow on Matter a Faculty of *Thinking*; he must either mean, that God can annex, and couple with Matter something that is not Matter; that is, join with it an immaterial Soul, (as we find in Man;) or else he must fall into his own exploded Absurdity and Iniquity in Reasoning, by using a Term in a Sense contrary to the settled Ideas annexed to it.

We feel in ourselves a large Proportion of passive Matter, and see it has the Properties common to all Matter; as, Impenetrability, Extension, Division and Corruption. We are no less conscious, that there is superadded, or annexed to this Corporeal Matter, an active, self-moving Principle, utterly different from Matter its self; separable from it; independent on it; and of its own Nature therefore immortal, because Indivisible, and incorruptible. That the Bodies of Brutes are Material, like our own, is never deny'd; if we wou'd maintain that they have a Faculty of *Thinking* too, we must allow them a Soul, like our own, also; (for no other can we have a Notion of;) or else we must suppose them to be moved by a *Je-ne-sçay-quoy*, or *Instinct*; of which, as I said before, we have no Ideas.

The Absurdity of a Rational, Immortal Soul, in these Animals, I have already considered: And to go a Step farther, (though I have, in Compliance with the vulgar way of Talking, been so free with the Words *Sagacity*, *Policy*, &c.) I must venture to deny,

deny, that their Motions, and Actions, have the Semblance of *Reasoning*; at least, such as human Reasoning; and no other have we an Idea of.

They act indeed, or are rather acted on, with a just Regularity to the Ends of their Formation; and the same may be affirmed of a Clock, or a Tucking-Mill; but that very *Exactness*, and Regularity, is an Argument that their Motions are not spontaneous; that they are not the Effect of *Thought*, *Choice*, or *Discretion*. Among Rational Creatures, (who have Choice and Liberty) there are Fools, and Madmen; such as mistake their Objects, or their Ways towards them; such as act contrary to the Designs of their Creation; chuse Evil for Good, and pursue their own Destruction. But these thoughtless Animals, generally are impelled with an immutable Constancy to the Ends of their Being; to the Preservation of themselves, and Propagation of their Species. If this Regularity be the effect of Judgment, and mature Reflexion, let Man see, and be ashamed.

I may take a Time to consider hereafter, the most remarkable Instances of brutish *Sagacity*; but for the present, let it suffice to observe, that all their Motions are directed to a few *Ends*, for which they were particularly created; and that in other Respects, they plainly appear as Stupid and Senseless (pardon the Use of this sort of Language) as Trees, or Plants.

The Hare seems to have a Foresight of the Weather; and is more or less ready to rise, and steal off, or to sit close in her Covert, in prudent Proportion to the imminent Danger of being hunted by the Scent, or followed by the Trace. If this be Knowledge, what Astronomer, after all his Gazing and Study of the Planets, is so deeply learned? But the same Creature is yet so utterly insensible of her Condition or Safety, that she goes loitering to her  
Seat



Seat late in a fair Morning, and makes her last Doubles in a dirty Path, as if she had a Design to be hunted Home; or to give the unmerciful Huntsmen a Description of the Avenues to her House. Both these Actions are agreeable to her Nature (performed by Young and Old; those sitting under a Kennel-Wall, and those that never heard the Tongue of a Dog). I say, they are both agreeable to her Nature, and the Design of her Creation; the first to preserve her Being, the last to give Diversion to Man. But can they be the Effect of *Choice* or *Reason*; or can an Animal be one way so politick, and the other way so stupid?

The Hound also, in searching for his Game as well as in Pursuit of it, is as Cunning as the old Serpent; yet is he perfectly without Apprehension of his own approaching Ruin; and contentedly offers his Neck to the same Rope, in which his Brother was just now hanged before his Face. Indeed, I could never discover in any Brute whatsoever, the least Notion of Death in their Companions, or Fear of it in themselves; with which, certainly, a very small Degree of Reflection must needs furnish them.

The most skilful Architect, or Mathematician, with all his Dexterity, cannot equal the Art of a Bird in framing her Nest: Yet will the sagacious Builder herself starve upon Eggs that are not her own; or purvey for a young one, that is an Enemy to her Species, and which will ungratefully devour its Foster Parent.

The Goose, or Gander, will give you a Mark of Fortitude, and Conduct, in covering their squadling Family from the Approaches of an Enemy; but at the same Time, they distinguish not an Enemy from a Friend: but fall with equal Fury on the latter, when he comes to feed them to help or succour them: Nay, will they often stupidly trample  
them



them under their own Feet; or suffer them to spraul and perish upon their Backs, without the Sense to help them. What can be more careful of her little one, than the Ewe? Yet will she suffer it to lie and expire in a small Pit, or Gutter, before her Eyes, without so much Reflection, as to put a single Foot to turn it on its Legs. No Master of Defence can make a Shew of more Skill, or address, to Strike or Paree, than a Game Cock; but if this was the Effect of Contrivance or Reason, he would not give us the best Samples of it in his first Battle; nor would he exert, or waste his Labour against an impenetrable Looking-Glass.

To these, and Ten Thousand other Instances of the same Aspect, the Answer is obvious. It will soon be replied, that *these Animals have Reason*, though in a less Degree.

This is no more than an Evasion of the Question; for we are not talking of the *Majus*, or *Minus*, but the Essence of Things: A Ploughman is as much a rational Creature as Sir *Isaac Newton*, though he has not acquired so many Ideas; nor laid up so many Rules, Observations and Experiments, to assist him in his Enquiries and Conclusions. The same Principles, and Spring of Action, is in the *Fool*, and the *Philosopher*. The Deliberation, Election and Determination of the Mind, (however different in Degree and Extent) puts each in Motion; as the Eye of a Mole is no less an Eye (tho' in so small a Compass) than that of an Eagle. Though after all, if we were to judge by the *Majus*, the Sagacity of Brutes in some Cases, would win the Title of Rationality from Men.

It will be therefore urged, that this *Faculty of Brutes is right Reason*; only it is confined to *particular Objects*. I say then, it is not Reason; for that very cause it ceases to be so. For Reason, as far as we know any Thing of it, is active, and self-

self-moving ; not like dull Matter, confined to Objects ; but at Liberty to turn, and apply it self to any Object presented to it. Reason, I say, has the essential Power to perceive, to collect, remember or compare any Object whatsoever, past or present ; and to judge, and conclude by Experience and Analogy, though the present Case be perfectly new, and never thought of before.

The Ideas of the ignorant Shepherd are few ; yet does he range them, calculate and conclude, with the same natural (though not acquired) Faculties, as the Jesuit or the Statesman. He esteems his wanton spotted *White-foot*, above smutty *Coll* ; and sets a greater Price on twenty, than on sixteen Sheep ; by the same Notion of *Beauty*, and of *Numbers*, with which a Prince prefers a Diamond to a Pebble, or computes his Power from the Multitude of his Forces. But these brute Animals, (though their Sagacity seems so much superior to Man himself) give not the least Sign of any Notion of Number, Beauty, Symmetry, or Proportion. The noisy Hen is not any way concern'd for the Chick that is withdrawn, 'till the Cry of it enters her Ears ; and my Lady's *Beau Cupid* is as violently attracted by the Rank Smell of the dirty Shock, as of the delicate perfumed *Venny* her self.

*Obj.* It may still be pretended, that though it be not Reason, like our own, that is the Motive of Action in Brutes ; yet, *however, it is a Reason, sui generis ; a sort of Reason peculiar to the Species.*

It may be so ; and it may not be so ! Be it what it will, we know nothing of any but human *Reason* : We have not the least Notion or Idea of any other ; and therefore we had as good at last rest in the Word *Instinct*, or *nescio quid*. I still say it is not what we mean when we use the Word *Reason*, and therefore I take leave to deny it the Name.

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I remember Mr. *Locke* (in Support of his Hypothesis, that Brutes have a sort of Reason, or that Matter may think) makes use of a new Term (of his own devising) and declares that the Impression of an outward Object causes them to *advert*. Never was there so delusive and empty an Evasion invented by so learned and ingenious a Writer! Mr. *Locke* is dead and gone; but as he has many Admirers, Disciples, and Adorers, I desire some of them to give us the Definition of this merry Term, or to shew us what Ideas are annexed to it.

Is this *Adversion* merely corporeal? We shall then multiply the species of *Adverters* to infinite Numbers, and be furnished not only with *adverting* Dogs, Horses and Monkeys; but Malt-Mills and Weather-Cocks, Spinning-Wheels and Mouse-Traps will put in for the Privilege: A Hundred pretty *Adverters* are to be seen among the Toys of Miss's Closet; and the most acute of them all is a little Frog at the end of a crooked Wyre in a Box; which as soon as you offer to draw the Lid will instantly *advert*, and snap you by the Finger.

Is it then the *Mind*, that sage Disputant meant is *adverted* on the Impression? I beg leave to affirm, that this Sense of the Word is nothing to his Purpose. His Undertaking was to prove, that *Matter can think* without a Mind; and for this Reason (I humbly conceive) he craftily avoided the good old Word *animadvert*, the Signification of which is well understood to be an *adverting* of the Mind. This *Animadversion* he was wisely aware is peculiar to Man, to Creatures endu'd with a rational Soul; he therefore made choice of the Word *Adversion* to elude the Question, to lay hid under a Term that has no explicit Meaning, and to rely upon the Candour of his implicit Readers, who are very apt to take it for granted there must be something of weight in every Argument made use of by Mr. *Locke*. Let us then



rest on so great an Authority; and till we can happily procure from some of his acute Disciples an Elucidation of the mysterious *Term*, let us imagine all Animals have a hidden Faculty of *adverting*: that an old Fox upon the Impression of the Sound made by the Horn, immediately *advert*s! *Adverts*! what does he advert? why his *je-ne-sçay-quoy*: his natural *Instinct*, his *occult Quality*, or his æquinoctial Tinder-Box.

This Notion of Reason in the Brute Creation is yet more absurd and perplexing, if we consider the infinite Variety of Animals in this Globe, and its Atmosphere. If Mr. *Locke*, or any other penetrating Virtuoso, could be so happy as to invent a sort of *Reason* that might serve for the Motive of a Dog or a Fox, there are still remaining innumerable Species that will put in their Claim for our wise Society of *rational Creatures*: and how endless will be their Toil by that time they have provided for every Rank of Swimmers, Quadrupeds, Volatiles and Reptiles, a cogitating Power, suitable to their more or less perfect Operations; by that time they have invented specifick *Degrees* and Methods of *thinking* for Bats, Silk-worms, and Butterflies, for blind Beetles, Earth-worms and Dew-snails, for the various Inhabitants that make their Abode in the Back of a Cow, the Liver of a Sheep, or in a Glass of Vinegar? If Reason and Reflection be assign'd to any one of these Species, why not to all? At what particular Step of the Stairs will they make their Stand? In what Part of the Climax will they begin to retract this Immortal Gift? If we couple with Man the Horse on which he rides, why not also the Worm in his Belly or the Maggot in his Nose?

These Difficulties have induc'd the Philosophers (the generality at least) to compound the Matter, by parting Stakes; by giving up Sense to the other Pretenders, and reserving *Reason* to themselves; and  
I think



I think at present most of our Schools have agreed to rest in their Opinion, that a Brute is a meer *Animal sensible*; that he is not endu'd with *Reason*, *Reflection*, and *Deliberation*, but with bare *Sensation*; that he has his five Senses as we have, or in much greater Perfection; but that he is wholly destitute of a *reasonable Soul*, to *compare* and *compute*, to *weigh*, *determine*, and *resolve*.

This I say, if I understand Words or Writings, is the receiv'd Opinion; and this I admire should ever be receiv'd by the Learned and Inquisitive! I always suspect my own Judgment when I differ from wise Men; but I am oblig'd to own (tho' with great Humility and profess'd Readiness to receive Instruction) that I cannot comprehend an *Anima mere sensibilis*; and the more I think of it, the more unintelligible and impossible it appears in my Thoughts.

We must judge of Reason and Sense in other Creatures, as I said before, by our own Measure, and by what we perceive of these Faculties in ourselves. Now I desire to be inform'd what any Man can make of his Senses if he loses his Reason? It may be said of such, they have Eyes and see not; or seeing, they see, and not perceive! A Wench in a Fit, a Man in a deep Sleep, both have their Senses, (that is, the Organs of them) unimpair'd, yet are these Instruments of Sensation useless; nor have they any Knowledge of the Voice that calls them, or the Hand that touches them, because their reasoning or thinking Faculty is laid up or intercepted.

To this it may be reply'd (but very hardly prov'd) that the Sound is heard and the Stroke felt, but *not remember'd afterwards*. If heard and felt, why not remember'd? The Naturalists tell us, that every sensible Impression of moment (that is, as I would say, of such moment as to awaken the Mind) leaves a *Trace on the Brain*; the rational Perusal or Contemplation of which Traces afterwards is what we call

*Memory.* If then the sensible Impression was made by my Hand or Voice, why does not the waking Man remember that I loudly call'd him Knave in his Sleep? And why do not those Gripes that are visible upon the Arms of the reviving Wench leave no Marks upon her Brains? It is very plain her Skin was bruis'd, her Nerves disturb'd, and all the Organs of Sensation affected; and I think it hard to assign a Cause for her not remembring, but only that the Absence or Requiescence of her thinking Faculty disabled her to feel it.

But to go a Step farther! A Mathematician is broad awake, but has his Mind deeply engag'd in a Problem. At this time the Bell loudly summons him to Prayers, and he hears it not; his Man openly lays before him his Shirt or his Breakfast, and he sees it not; and so closely is he attach'd to his Lines and Figures, that he feels not the Gout that is gnawing his Toe, nor the Itch fretting between his Fingers.

Well, but he *sees, hears, and feels* the several Objects, but perceives it not, for *want of Attention.*

*Attention!* What is that? In what Sense must we take the Word? The only Signification I know of it is, the *Application of his Reason to the Object.* Well then, the Non-application of *Reason* deprives him of his *Senses*; and does not the *total want of Reason* do at least as much? If it be a just Conclusion, the *Man cannot see who does not think*; is not this much juster, and stronger, the *Beast sees not, because he cannot think*? If the Man who has his Feet in the Stocks cannot walk, certainly the Disability would not be less if he had no Feet at all. If one that shuts his Eyes is not capable of seeing, 'tis strange to assert that one that has no Eyes can see clearly.

This Argument is farther enforc'd by considering the Actions of Ideots and Lunatics (Terms only applicable to rational Beings.) Wholly destitute of  
Reason

Reason and Reflection 'tis plain they are not ; but 'tis equally evident that their Senses are impair'd in Proportion with their Reason ; nor can we imagine the Wretch who bruises his own Head, or eats his own Dung has much Taste or Feeling. The Soph will answer me, *these miserable Creatures do taste and feel, but their Reason is impair'd, that they do not distinguish or collect the Causes of that Pain or Ill-savour.* This Distinction still recurs to the former Absurdity. If the Weakness or Remission of Reason hinders a Man from discerning his Food from his Excrements, can a Brute, wholly depriv'd of Reason, discern better ? The hungry Dog is not able to consider and collect the Causes and the Consequences of Pain, yet we see him not devouring his own Dung, or gnawing his own Flesh. The Senses of the Man, as allow'd in the Objection, become useless to him by the Distraction or Confusion of his *rational Soul* : Can it be then argu'd that the Senses alone, without any rational Soul, are a sufficient Guide, or any Guide, at all to other Animals ?

The judicious Mr. *Locke* has pretty well convinc'd the learned World that all our Knowledge and Intelligence of Things is from *Sensation* and *Reflection*. But he could not but be conscious that the former is nothing without the latter, and that it is impossible his favourite Brutes can possess or enjoy the Gift of Sensation, unless he was so generous as to super-add a Faculty something like *Reflection*. This Difficulty, I suppose, caused him to strain his Invention for the Term *Advert*, in hopes his humble Readers would be satisfied with the Novity of the Word, and credulously admit that the Creatures have a Power to do something (No-body knows what, till the Term be explain'd) more than *see* and *hear*. But 'tis hard to conceive *Seeing* and *Hearing* without the *Adversion* or Application of the Mind ; and I could never yet meet with an Argument to convince me that they  
can



can be sensible, till they are first prov'd to be rational Animals.

What are these Organs of the Senses but meer Matter; Pipes, or Vessels of Flesh, Membrane, or Humour, disposed to convey the Object to a View and Consideration of the Mind? Nor are any of those Organs of the least Effect (in Man) if by Disease, or any other Accident or Impediment the Object is stopt or intercepted in its way thither. 'Till the Thought is awaken'd the Sound is not heard, the Wound felt, or the Stink perceived; and my Spectacles are Eyes to me as much as those in my Head, unless the Rays of Light have Power to stir up my Reflection. 'Tis true the Brutes have these Organs of *Sense* in great Perfection (the Use of them I shall consider anon;) but 'till they can reason and reflect upon the Object, they cannot properly be said (as we understand the Words) to see or hear it.

But supposing an Animal without *Thought* or *Reason* could be endu'd with sense: What would he do with it? What Use could he make of it? Or how is it possible he could be the better for it? We perceive clearly in ourselves (and by ourselves we can only judge) that the Senses are but Attendants and Apparitors to the *Mind*. The Sound enters my Ears, but I know not what is the Cause of it, how far distant, on which side it comes, or what it portends, till I have mentally consider'd it. A visible Body may cast its Picture upon the *Retina* of my Eye, as on the dark Wall of the *Camera Clausa*; nor is the one Figure of more Use and Instruction to me than the other, till it enters my Thoughts, till rational Computations and Conclusions are made as to Magnitude, Medium, and Distance, Degrees of Light, Reflection, or Refraction. The minute Particles of *Taste* or *Smell* pierce the Pores of my Tongue, Palate, or olfactory Nerves; but they have further to go, and must reach to my Brain, and undergo the Examination of the  
supream



supream Judge, before I can discern, reject, or approve. The crossing of two Fingers to feel a Pea in the Palm of my other Hand plainly puts a trick upon that *Sense*; and my Reason itself would also be beguiled by the false Intelligence, and conclude that Pea to be two, did I not think again and again, recollect that I put but one there, and that the Delusion consists in crossing my Fingers. Thus fallible and treacherous would be the ministerial Senses, were it not for the superior Wisdom of the Sovereign *Mind*. It is this only that passes Judgment on the Good or Evil of the presented Object; according to the Representations of this nobler Light we hope or fear, we covet or abhor it; at the Directions of the same our Resolutions are fixed, our Muscles filled with Spirits, and our Limbs set in proper Motion to pursue or avoid it. The Figure of a Buck is darted through the crystalline Humour of the Greyhound's Eye; but can this Impression, meerly sensible, inform him that the Buck is the Prey to be desired by himself or his Master; or is it this way able to set all his Joints in the most violent Motion to pursue and take it? Suppose the poor Hare hears and sees the approaching Hound; yet can these Eyes and Ears convince her that the Hound is her Enemy? Can they, as bare Senses, excite in her that incomparable Swiftmess, those politick Shifts, Turns and Doubles she makes to escape him? All this cannot be the Effect of bare *Sensation*; nor would that Privilege, without concurring Reflection, serve to the Defence of any other Animal, any more than it does of a Child or Idiot, who, suppose him to see the Cart coming, yet has not Consideration enough to go out of its way.

We find in our selves, that meer Sensation avails nothing towards Self-preservation, without the Assistance of the superior Faculty: Nor could the feeling of Disease or Pain, be of any Consequence,  
but

but to increase our Misery; were not such feeling the Information of the Mind, which alone is able to devise Means to rectify the Disorder.

How wretched then must be the Circumstances of irrational Animals, especially those made for Burden and Slaughter, if they were possessed of a sensible Soul, a Power to feel their Pain and Misery? These dumb Creatures must needs be innocent, as they are incapable of Laws; as they have no Notion of moral Good or Evil: Yet is their Punishment (if they can be said to be punished, that have no Reflexion) beyond the greatest Malefactor. The Ox labours, the Cow gives Milk, their whole Lives, for the Food of their Tyrants, and are at last ingratiously brought to the Slaughter by those whom they nourished. The Horse groans under the Pack-saddle or Traces of the hard-hearted Carrier or Hackney Coachman; has his Skin furrowed, or his Heart broken by a Jockey or Huntsman; and at last is sacrificed to the Bellies of the Dogs he so painfully followed. What Justice is this? Or how can such Tyranny and Barbarity be defended by lordly Man, if he believe the Creatures he so uses, are sensible of their Misery?

It is pleaded that these Animals were *created for the Service and Pleasure of Man*. This I grant; but let it be remembered also, that the God of infinite Wisdom and Goodness extends his Providence to the meanest of the Creation: And 'tis hard, if not impious, to suppose, that he designed Suffering without Offence or Retribution: That he wou'd endue his Creatures with Sensation of Misery, without Means to avoid it. There is indeed within them a Principle, as I shall shew, of Self-Preservation; and it is the Interest of their Lord and Master to protect them. But the wise Creator must needs foresee, that many of these Masters would prove Tyrants; that they wou'd unmercifully load and slash them;  
wound

wound them in their Fury; or starve them out of Avarice.

I take this to be a moral Objection against the *anima sensibilis* of Brutes, at least in the Opinions of Divines, and good Christians: But for Libertines, Scepticks, and mere Philosophers, I again refer them to what is said above, and desire them to shew what Sensation is; how it can subsist destitute of Reason; or what Use or Advantage can be made of it by the thoughtless Possessor.

This Caution, however, let me lay down for my sage Opponent. Let him resolve before-hand, what Propositions to grant, and what to deny; whether Sensation be, or be not an Act of the Mind? Whether the Creatures can act by Reason, who have no rational Soul? And whether Arguments that tend to prove them furnished with Thought, Foresight and Sagacity, be fitly brought to support the Hypothesis of the *anima sensibilis*?

I have often seen warm Disputants intangle themselves in these Contradictions. They freely disclaim all Pretences to Reason in the Soul of Brutes; but every Instance they give of their Motions, their Actions, or their Memory, proves them to be moved and guided by Reason, or proves nothing. This must be a Demonstration of the Perplexity of their Notions, or the Absurdity of their Hypothesis.

Thus far of Negatives! 'Tis now time to propose something that may supply the Place of that Reason and Sensation I have labour'd to remove, and to shew positively what may be the fundamental Cause of Action in Animals irrational and insensible.

My Opinion is, that they are mere *Machines*; mere material *Engines*: and, like all Matter, put into motion in a mechanical way by other Matter acting upon them. I desire to be understood in the literal Sense, all tricking and double Entendre is no less detestable  
in



in an Author than a Merchant. I therefore avoid all obscure, ambiguous, and equivocal Terms, and say again, that I suppose a Brute (*e. g.* a Dog or a Horse) to be as real a Machine as the Pen I write with, and equally unable to move or act without the Application of some outward Force. The Universe itself is a grand Machine of this nature; all its various motions consist in one Body's impelling or attracting another; and though the Cause of this original attractive Power be never to be accounted for, but from the arbitrary Will of the great Creator, yet it is begg'd, granted, and made use of by the greatest Philosopher, in order to solve and account for the stupendous Phenomena of Nature. I desire then but the same Postulata; that one corporeal Substance, how small soever, may impel, thrust, or push forward another! that there may be a relative attractive Virtue in the least Particles of Matter; that those Bodies that we term *animal* or *living* are made of Matter, and subject to the common Accidents and Properties of it; I say, granting these (which I think were never yet deny'd) I hope to account for the Motions of Brutes, and to make it probable that all their Operations are passive and mechanical, without occasion of introducing Reason or Sensation to their Aid.

The Machines, 'tis true, of human Invention have their Cause more visible; and their Motion may be supposed to be easily accounted for by those that made them; yet are they still put into motion by an artificial Imitation of the general Laws of Nature, by *Attraction* and *Impulsion*. A Ship is visibly drawn into the Harbour, for we see the Cable; we as readily grant that it is driven by the Wind; tho' we cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, nor hardly what it is. The Bell sounds by the pulling of a Rope; the Jack turns by the Gravity of the Weights; and the Quicksilver rises by the Impression of the Air. Thus do we admit and make

use

use of the Creator's Laws of Mechanism, Attraction, and Gravity in Engines of our own, and yet deny him the Use of them himself. We draw Gutters in Confidence the Water will readily run down and overflow our Meadows: We charge our Mortars, trusting the Powder will hoist them into the Air, and that they will descend with fatal Violence in the hostile Camp: Why then do we distrust the like Virtue or Effect in the Engines made by an omnipotent Hand? Why may not the Rays of Light reflected from the Body of a pursuing Greyhound have as much Power on a Hare (as a Blast of Gunpowder on a sluggish Ball of Lead or Iron) to excite in her that swift Motion for which she was formed? And why may not the grateful Effluvia of a fresh Pasture attract my hungry Horse over the Hedge? It is but Tautology to reply in this Place, that it is the *Sight* of the Dog or *Smell* of the Pasture, that excite these Motions. We are now supposing such Creatures to have no Mind, and (as all Sensation is an Act of the Mind) that they neither can see nor smell.

*Obj.* Of what Use then are their Eyes and Noses; and why has the wise Creator bestow'd these *Senses* upon them.

I say again, these Eyes and Ears, &c. are not themselves *Senses*, but so called from being Organs of Sensation to rational Creatures; and tho' these Organs are in high Perfection, of the greatest Use, and even necessary to the regular Motions of the Possessors, yet they operate only in a mechanical way, and serve for no more than Pipes and Channels to admit or convey those Particles of Matter that enter, excite, attract, or impel those inward Nerves that are proper to perform the several Actions. The Particles of Scent ejected or transmitted from the hunted Hare pass thro' the Tubes of the Beagles Nostrils, strike upon their Brains, and set every Nerve in their natural Motion, with no more Knowledge or  
Sense

Sense in the Flyer or Pursuers than there is in the Arrow that Springs from the Bow-string, or in the Needle that so amorously follows the Loadstone. The blowing in a Trumpet gives a Vibration or Undulation to the ambient Air; the elastic Element communicates the Concussion to the Ears of the Horse; thence it proceeds to the *Primum Mobile*, or the first Spring or Wheel of the Nervous Engine, and raises that eager and chearful Motion that is the Pride of the Rider: But why should this Effect be thought strange and incredible, when every Housewife can tell you, that a like Concussion in a greater degree (as from Cannons, Thunder, &c.) will as suddenly turn a Vessel of Milk or sowre a Barrel of *October*; when we all are Witnesses to the Clattering of our Windows and the Trembling of the whole Building on such terrible Occasions? Why should we doubt that the Rays of Light reflected from a Bull are the mechanical Cause of the Dog's raging and breaking his Collar; when we see every Day the same Rays have Power to make the Tree blossom, the Marygold open its Head, or by a small Refraction and Collection through a Glass to set a House on fire? 'Tis true the Motions in Animal Matter are generally in much greater Perfection than in a Log or Plant; nor is it any Wonder that infinite Wisdom should contrive various Instances of his Skill (no more than that the same Carpenter that built the House should make a Wheelbarrow;) all that we suppose is, that they are all put in motion after the same ways, the Laws of Mechanism. However (*en passant*) let us remember that the Motions of some mere Vegetables are very near equal to (if not exceeding) the Motions of many which are called Animals.

*Obj.* But to speak only of the more perfect Animals, in what Particular (unless that of Speech) do they differ from Man? The Actions of one as well as the other seem to be spontaneous, and to proceed  
from



from Deliberation, Choice, and Resolution ; each have the same Senses, and both make the same Use of them. We are Eye-witnesses that a Dog or a Monkey will avoid Evil and follow Good, adhere to their Friend and fly from their Enemy, with equal Inclination and Aversion, and perhaps more Discretion than the Squire or his Huntsman.

This Argument is much like the Logick of my Friend *Timothy*, an honest Parish-Clerk, who having been at the Assizes to see Fashions, came Home and peremptorily affirmed to his Reverend Master, that all the Beau powdered Grand-Jury were *Free Masons!* Why? because they had their Heads plastered. The wiser Vicar made a reply, that I must desire to borrow upon this Occasion, *Oh! Timothy, judge not by Appearance!*

The Objection is nothing but Appearance. All that is incumbent on me to do, is to shew how these Actions or Operations that in Appearance resemble those of reasonable Creatures, may be performed, according to my Hypothesis, in a mechanical way.

As to ourselves, we perceive clearly that the outward Object (of Sight, Taste, Sound, &c.) pierces through our Organs of Sensation, awakens the Reflection of our Soul or Mind ; that this Sovereign Mind passes Sentence of Love or Hatred, Desire or Aversion ; and by an Act of *willing* or *resolving*, immediately dispatches a Detachment of Spirits into the Muscles, proper to perform the Action. Let us see then how the same Action may be performed by a Creature destitute of a Mind, and consequently of Sensation that depends upon it. Suppose then the sensible Object to do its own Work without the Intervention of this rational Mediator ; suppose it to pass thro' the several proper Organs of Sensation (as we call them) to make its immediate Impulse on the Brain, to  
strike

strike on the top or head-Spring of those sprightly Nerves, that extend through the whole Body ; with Power to carry the Motions first impressed on themselves to every Member. The gentlest touch on the String of a Harpsicord, will give a Vibration to the whole Length of it : Stretch a Line of ever so great Length, every Pluck is communicated from one End to the other. A Stone cast into the Water, or a Whistle in the Air, would go on, and undulate, *ad infinitum*, were it not for the Opposition of other Bodies, that impede their Progress. And have any of these greater Elasticity, or a better Spring than the Nerves of an Animal ? Can any Thing move with greater Nimbleness, or on more slight Impressions ? A Bee stings the top of my Finger : How soon is the Injury convey'd to my Brain ; and thence a Command dispatch'd to my Feet, to fly from my Enemy ? 'Tis true, this is done in a human Creature, by the Intervention of the Mind. And why may it not, by an Animal Machine, without any Mind at all ? Why may not the Sting of the same Insect, communicate Motion to the Legs of a Dog, as well as the pulling a Trigger bestow such mortal Fury on the Musket ; or the moving a Piece of Wood administer Sound to a Thousand Organ Pipes ?

The several Servants of a regular Family, may perform their Office in the Absence of their Master : The Ship's Crew may do the same, though there be no Pilot : Nor is it more difficult to conceive, that a Machine may be formed by infinite Power, where each Ministerial Spring or Muscle, may occasionally operate, according to every Kind and Degree of external Impulse, without the help of Thinking, or being conscious of what they do.

That animal Joints, Nerves and Sinews, may possibly act (and Possibility is all I need to prove) with-

without the Concurrence of the Mind, we may be convinced, by looking once more into our selves. We cannot be ignorant, that great part of our bodily Vessels perform their Offices in this spontaneous Way; that they go on mechanically to move, or be moved, without the Direction, nay, sometimes contrary to the Command of the Imperial Mind. Do not our Bowels spirate, our Hearts beat, our Blood circulate, our Lungs play, our Eyes wink, without Thought or Design? Do we not blush, look pale, or tremble much against our Wills? And have not the invisible Effluvia of a Cat, a roasting Pig, or a piece of Cheese, an irresistible Influence on some human Bodies, so far as to make them sweat and sicken, and even to suspend their vital Operations; yea, though the impressing Object is not seen, or thought of, or though right Reason persuades, that no Danger is at Hand?

*Obj.* I expect to be told with very great Assurance, that this is nothing but the Effect of a secret *Antipathy in Nature.*

*Antipathy* is a hard Word, and may do Wonders: But before I grant it this extraordinary Power, let us first endeavour at a Definition of it. By consulting the Learned, that have made Use of it, I find it to be an occult — *an occult something that makes one Thing naturally hate and loath another Thing.* But what is that something? Why, it is natural Antipathy.

*Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare.* What a Simpleton was *Martial*, that he cou'd not tell the Cause of his Aversion? He hated because he cou'd not love; he cou'd not love, because he hated. Thus far we have made a fair Progress in Words, though but little in Sense.

But *Antipathy* is a venerable Word, of a *Greek* Original, and must not be parted with without farther Respect and Consideration: And I hope for Pardon  
from



from the Criticks and Grammarians, if I lay hold on so lucky an Occasion of shewing my Brother Hunters a small Sample of my great Learning.

*Antipathy* I take to be of the same Parentage with *Sympathy*; though they are always Opposites. As the *Latin* Construction of *Sympathy* is *compassio*; so the other, I think, may as well be translated *contra-passio*. The former signifies in plain *English*, having the same Passions, or *suffering with*; the latter having contrary Passions, or *suffering contrary* to the Object. For as oft as I share my Friend's Fortunes; when I grieve with his Grief, or rejoice with his Joy, I may be said *συμπάθειν*, *compati*, to sympathise with him: But at such Time as I fret and repine at my Neighbour's Felicity, or triumph at his Misery or Misfortunes, I am as properly said *ἀντιπάθειν*, *contrapati*, or to antipathise against him.

But the worst on't is, this sort of Antipathy implies *Reflection*, *Thought* and *Reason*, and cannot well be applied to the Case before us. It cannot be the Cause of the rumbling of a Man's Entrails at the Effluvia of a *Cheshire* Cheese, unless we allow them also this Privilege of *Adverting*, or Cogitation: Unless the Man be supposed to have Brains in his Guts, as well as Guts in his Brains.

However, I must grant there is another Sense, a metaphorical Sense of this *Greek* Noun; and when one Body, or Portion of Matter, operates upon another (in a mechanical Way) so as to disturb, divide, corrupt or destroy it (as Jollap on the Bowels, Poison on the Blood, or *Irish* Earth on a Toad) it is not improperly said (though figuratively) that there is an Antipathy between them. If this be the Idea of natural Antipathy in the Objection before us, I grant it my Opponents, and desire them to make the best of it.

But

But there is yet one more Meaning of the *Term*, which has been of manifest Service to great Authors; and which I allow my sagacious Adversaries to make Use of, as oft as they are hard put to't; or when they are apprehensive of unlucky Consequences by Admission of either of the former: And that Meaning is a *Meaning* to cover their own Ignorance, or the Absurdity of their Notions; a *Meaning* to explain to their humble Readers, what they do not understand themselves.

But since the *Greek* is so comprehensive a Language, and of such sovereign Use towards the Elucidation of our *English* Philosophy, I shall not conceal, that by great good Fortune, as well as extraordinary Labour and Diligence, I have light upon a Phrase in old *Homer* (The Fountain of Knowledge) which is perfectly synonymous and equivocal with Antipathy in this last Acceptation: And when I am interrogated, why, or how my Nerves are disordered by the Screeching of Iron, or my Stomach turned at the Smell of a Cheese (if I cannot maintain my vulgar Hypothesis, that this is a mere Mechanical Operation) I put on a Significant, Philosophical Phiz, and reply gravely, it is a τὸν ἐν ἀνταμιερόμενος.

But if this Objection of natural Antipathy be of no Weight; if my Bowels spirate at an offensive Vapour, by material Impulse; if it be granted, that there is so much of the Machine in human and rational Creatures; What difficulty is there in supposing, that other Animals are wholly so? Especially if we consider, that the Organs of the latter are much finer and perfecter than our own; that their Motions and Actions are more regular and uniform; neither exhausted by Constancy, nor distracted by (so great a) Variety of Employ. We, who have a Mind, and consequently are led by Imagination, Judgment, Choice and Will,

are subject to be deceived, to be mistaken in Objects, or our Pursuits after them; and of Course to degenerate into Folly or Lunacy; (the latter, I conceive, consisting in a false Imagination, the former in a wrong Judgment and Conclusion). But the Creatures that move by the Laws of Mechanism, must move constantly, as we find they do, according to the Goodness and Perfection of their Frame, and in Proportion to the Force of the external Impulse. The Cocker fancying himself to be a Prince, and expects to be worshipped; the Fool concludes a Hobby-Horse better than a Piece of Gold, and shews all his Teeth in making the Purchase: But the Jack regularly turns the Spit, if the Wheels be even, and the Weight sufficient; and my Repeater tells me faithfully what it struck last, when I pull the String.

*Obj.* But are all the sagacious Actions of Brutes, the Shifts they make, the Tricks they play, to be plainly accounted for in a mechanical way?

What if they are not? How unlikely is it they should? How can we expect that short-sighted Mortals should see to the Extent of infinite Power? But shall we dare to deny every Fact and Effect of which we cannot clearly describe the Cause and way of Operation? I have heard of a Clock (at *Strasbourg* I think) that goes a Hundred Years at one winding up, in which at the Hour of Twelve the Twelve Apostles walk out in view each with an Hammer in his Hand, and striking the Bell walk in again; at Nine the Nine Muses; at Seven the seven wise Men of *Greece* do the same; and for Warnings at the half or quarter-Hours, a Cock claps his Wings and crows, a Lion opens his Jaws and roars, and so on, with variety of Sounds as well as visible Figures for the whole twelve Hours: (whether this be a true Relation or not, it is enough that such an Undertaking is within the Power of Mechanism.) Now let

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an *Hotentot* stand and stare at this Machine a Month together, and will he believe that all this is performed by meer Brass and Iron, without an Hand near it? Again, the Clown is at a Puppet-Shew, comes Home and tells his Cousin *Margery* that he is sure little Punch is *alive*, for he saw him move his very Lips and Eyes. And does not that Philosopher argue no better than the Clown or the *Hotentot*, who maintains his Dog must be sensible or rational, because he is not able to account for the motion, when at the Word of Command he goes back for a Glove, or leaps over a Stick.

How far will this Scepticism carry us if we suffer it to lead us in all our Speculations? We feel, and confess within ourselves a rational Soul; but can this Faculty look into itself, or give an Account of its own Operations? Can we pretend to describe or conceive how the outward Objects, that are purely material, are able to affect, disturb, and put in motion an immaterial Substance? Or can we shew in what manner this immaterial Substance again in its Turn makes its Impression on material Bones, Nerves, and Sinews, and puts them in Action? It seems to me much easier to apprehend the Influence of one Body or one Particle of Matter on another, than to conceive how either can affect or be affected by an invisible Soul or Spirit. The former we daily see with our Eyes, experience with our Hands, and form all our Instruments, Experiments, and Arguments upon the Supposition; the other also we take for granted, though the Matter *how* is beyond our Explication. The fair Fruit on the Trees enters my Eyes, excites my Desire, determines my *Mind*, and this *Mind* fills my Muscles, extends my Arm, and contracts my Fingers; must I not believe that this is really done till I can tell how?

A Set of Organs is a meer Machine; we know the Maker, we see the Organist, and so the Wonder  
 F 2<sup>r</sup> ceases.

ceases. But suppose a Set could be so contrived as to play a Tune without an immediate Hand or Bellows, by the Impulse of the North Wind, or by the Influence of the Moon, or some unknown Planet (Part of this may not be out of the reach of human Art; it must all be allowed to be within the Compass of Omnipotence) now would such an Instrument cease to be a Machine, because it would be hard to be accounted for? Or would a wise Philosopher endue it with Sensation, Thought and Reflection to cover his Ignorance? If such variety of Sounds with unintelligible Stops and Movements may be supposed in an Organ, why not in the Pipes of a little Bird, or the Throat of a Hound? If invisible Particles of Matter may strike and play upon the artificial Wind-pipes, why not on the natural?

*Obj.* But the Dog discovers the Passions and Appetites proper to a reasonable Being; we behold in him a *Love* to his Master, a *Fear* of the Whip, a *Rage* at Injuries, an *Uneasiness* at Confinement, *Sagacity* and *Contrivance* to come by his Prey, his Liberty, or his Female.

These are only Words spoken *gratis* by a *Catuchresis*, or used by necessity, for want of proper Terms. Every received Art, Science, or Opinion, has its technical Terms peculiarly adapted and ratified by Custom; it is therefore no Wonder that in the vulgar way of speaking we have ascribed to Animals the Passions and Affections of sensible Beings, since all over the World they have been admitted for such: Nor is it to be expected, but a Person who shall go about to introduce a new System to prove them Machines, must have great Difficulty to find Words to express his Notions and make himself intelligible.

However, if the Constancy of the Dog to his Master is to be named *Love*, I hope it may be said with the same Indulgence, that the magnetick *Needle loves the North*. If it be *Fear* that makes  
. *Smoker*

*Smoker* fly before the Whip, why then not the same Passion in Chaff when the Corn is winnowed? Was ever a Cur shut up in a Kennel in a greater Rage than windy Ale imprison'd in a Bottle? No Male Animal is more violently inclin'd to the Act of Generation than a rowling Stone to the Bottom of the Hill; nor can any Creature be more obstinate and subtle for his Food or Sport, than a River is to find out its way (do what we can to stop it) into the Bosom of the Deep. The one half of these Instances every one allows to be the common Effects of Impulse or Attraction; and why the others may not be the same, I desire to be informed.

*Obj.* But this better Sort of Animals discover to us a *Docibility* in their Nature that argues Sensation; they frequently act by *Habit* and *Memory*; nay, they seem to *dream*, and give the Marks of spontaneous Motion in their Sleep, when external Objects are not probably capable of giving the Impulse.

Look into the Water-works of my Lord's Garden, and you will perceive a *Docibility* in that liquid Element; and never did a Spaniel of Mr. *William Wimple* perform his Feats with more Readiness or Activity than the numerous Cocks, Springs, and Tubes (the Veins and Arteries if you will so call them) of that watry Machine. Besides this, the Gardiner will tell you there is a *Docibility* in his Plants also, if taught to bend and obey whilst they are young; but if they are permitted to continue long in a wrong Posture, like an old Dog, they are hardly broken and reduced to Order: They will also learn to extend their Roots to that Part of the Soil where is most Moisture or Nourishment; to crouch, and avoid the Fury of the West-Wind; to bend their Branches and decline their Heads to shun the Oppressions of an over-shadowing Neighbour; and the sensible Plant (so called on this Account) will visibly shrink from the abhorred Touch of human Fingers.

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The Word *Memory* is often used to express that which is no more than habit: for it is only the Effect of long Practice, or the Revolution of the same Causes. The Dog fawns upon his old Master, and snarls at one that has formerly affronted him; and this is called *Memory*. But what is more than the Object's striking upon the same Set of Nerves which were before affected or impelled by it, and easily renewing those Motions it had raised before? Thus the Sap of the Tree *remembers* to rise at the return of the friendly Sun; thus will our own Stomach turn and nauseate at the sight of a Dish of Meat that has formerly offended it; and our Bowels will resume their peristaltick Motion at the Fumes of a Drug that has been used to offend them. By daily Practice the Ape comes to be ready in the Feats that were with Difficulty taught him; so does the Soil become the more flexible and obedient to the Harrows by frequent Labour; the Bowl grows smooth by running; the Hinge by turning; and you may often see in a Country *Crowdero* his Fingers and Fiddle-Stick mechanically going on with a *Health to Betty* after the mental Musician is ceased, *Somno vinctus; sepultus*. 'Tis true those Fingers were first taught to play by Reason, and so was the Ape to dance, tumble, or shoulder, his Musket, by his dextrous Master. I only take notice, that these Actions, which were artfully infused, are mechanically performed. A perpetual Iteration of the same Motions sets the Joints, Nerves and Sinews of the thoughtless Animal (as well as the Fingers of the sleeping Fidler) into a customary Posture, and Aptness to repeat them, upon the usual *Word* or *Object* striking on the Nerves of the Eyes, Ears, &c.

The ingenious Mr. *Locke*, to prove the *Adversion* of his material Animals, gives a very notable Instance of a *Bird* that could imitate a Tune it had heard some Days before. This he is pleased to call *Memory*.

But

But the same Memory (though in a less perfect degree) has my Parish-Tower, which has been often heard to answer to my Dogs, and to hallow to my Huntsman. The Length of Time 'tis true makes some difference betwixt the Bird and the Echo, but not more difference than there is betwixt the Artificers that formed the several Machines; and it may well be supposed, that if a Mason (who is but Clay himself) can build a Wall to imitate a Sound after one Moment, the eternal Creator may contrive an Instrument able to produce the same Effect at a much greater Distance. It is no way *incredible* but the sounding Object may leave its Traces on the exquisitely fine Nerves of an Animal made for natural Musick, which on any fresh Motion or Impression may probably exert themselves in Modulation of the same Parts, or Repetition of the same Notes. The Impulses of the same Objects that accompanied the Tune when it first enter'd the Brains of the little winged Instrument, are very likely to affect the same Parts again, and cause an Emission of the same Degrees and Proportions of Wind, which I take to be all the Musick a Bird is capable of.

I knew a Creature (Mr. *Locke* will not allow me to call him Man) born of human Parents, so much an Idiot as to have no Knowledge of Good or Evil, nor hardly Power to utter his few Words with any Articulation, who yet upon being flatter'd or offer'd an Half-penny, would creep into a dark Hole behind an old Oven and there imitate the Crowing of a Cock, the Barking of a Dog, the Squawling of a Peacock, or the Scolding of two Old Women, more exactly than any of our Stage-Mimicks. I shall not enter into a long Descant on this astonishing Faculty, but only ask my candid Readers these plain Questions.

If Reason and Reflection be necessary to Imitation, how could this Idiot do it better than a rational Man?

If

If an Idiot with very little, if any Sense or Reflection, can imitate a Sound more perfectly than a reasonable Man, why may not an Animal without any at all do it at least as well?

As to the boasted Objection of the pretended Dreams of sleeping Dogs; all this may probably be no other than the gentle Agitations caused by those minute Particles of Matter that enter'd his several Organs when waking, or as he is lying in a State less subject to more perfect Impressions; or at best these Motions he so faintly exerts, are but to be compared to the tremulous Bubblings or Hissings of a Vessel of Liquor after its more violent Working is ceased.

I know upon a Discourse of this nature there are a Thousand more Questions to be ask'd, and Stories to be told. Every Person will play the Orator (if not the Poet) set forth the Virtues, and plead for an Exemption of his favourite Animal. I should never have done should I enter on the Detail of particular Cases; what I have said in general I believe will satisfy every candid Reader. However, as my aim is Information and Discovery of *Truth*, I shall always be ready impartially to consider any Difficulty of this nature that a Gentleman or Scholar shall lay before me.

But suppose Instances of Brutish Sagacity are very hardly to be accounted for, I must beg Leave not to think my *Supposition* entirely overthrown, before it be involved in as great Absurdities as that of the *Rationality* of the *Sensibility* of these Creatures. If it appears impossible they should *think* or *feel*; a bare Possibility of their acting as Machines will justly take place. In all other Cases where our Sight falls short, we judge by Analogy. We readily agree there are the same Circulations and Motions in the Body of a Mite as of an Elephant, though the Dissection of the former is beyond the Extent of our  
Hands



Hands and Instruments. We take the Word of our modern Virtuoso's, that there are *Animalculæ* so small, that a Thousand of them may encamp themselves upon the Point of a Needle ; and in Ages to come perhaps Glasses may be invented, that may discover the Existence of much smaller Generations. Human Wisdom has its Bounds and Limits, and therefore we must judge of Things beyond us by Rules of Proportion. We see the Chains fastened to the Plough, and agree that it is drawn by the Horse ; we see not the Ligatures betwixt the Loadstone and Steel, and yet we say it is *attracted*. What difference is there betwixt *drawing* and *attracting* ? And what Notion can we have of either without an Idea of Strings and Crooks ? How much does our Credulity exceed our Understandings in this Word *Attraction* ? Yet so necessary is the Term, that Sir *Isaac Newton* himself has no other way to explain, no other Reason to give why a Stone thrown up in the Air should ever return, or why Water runs down the Hill. May not then a Horse be attracted by the imperceptible Chains of a green Pasture ; or a Bull by the Emanations of a wanton Heifer ? The sensible Stimulations of a Dose of Physick will give a Man a Purge ; but when the sight of a naked Sword or the squeaking of a Pig has the same Effect, can we deny the Cause to be equally mechanical, tho' less visible ? An Hundred Philosophers, or even common Jugglers, have past for Magicians and Factors of the Devil, because their Machinations have been invisible and unaccountable by vulgar Beholders. But are we not such Spectators and Arguers ourselves, when we rashly conclude an intelligent Spirit necessary to Brutes, because we are not able to account for every Action and Motion we see in them ? If we modestly considered our own Deficiency, and the infinite Wisdom of the supreme Artist, we should easily be convinced that

that Machines of his making might probably exceed all Penetration of ours, more than a repeating Watch does the Contrivance of a common Blacksmith. The World is beholden to a very great Philosopher, above mentioned, for his prodigious Discoveries of the Motions of the Universe from the Power of *Attraction*; but how far this may extend, nay, what is its very Nature, he pretends not to define, but modestly refers to the hidden Impress stamp'd upon Matter by the omnipotent Creator; it is he only that can perfectly understand his *own* Works; it is not for Mortals to affirm positively the Extent of Things beyond our Sight; but as oft as we pretend to make Enquiries concerning his Proceedings in the material World, we must use such Measures as he has been pleased to give us, and draw our Conclusions from such Principles as are granted or laid down.

By these it is manifest, that Matter (as we understand the Word) is not able to *think*. The want of *Thought* is necessarily accompanied with want of *Sensation*: We must therefore fairly give up the Enquiry, and confess our Ignorance of the Actions and Motions of *material Animals*; unless we allow them to proceed upon Mechanism, from *Contact*, or *Contrast*, *Impulse* or *Attraction*.

The Admission of this Hypothesis, will answer every Difficulty at once: Will shorten our Enquiries into the different Natures, Properties, Faculties and Perfections, that discover themselves in the numberless Species; and render it no more wonderful, that some Animals are more strong, active, and subtile than others; than that the late Engine, so curiously contriv'd for twisting of Silk, should exceed the Spinster's Turn. Every distinct Species is formed by the Creator, to display his infinite Wisdom and Power. Each is endued with such Springs, Wheels and Hinges of Operation as are suitable  
to



to the Offices expected from it: Each severally moved, impelled, attracted or stimulated by such Particles as were fitted to it; and framed with a Design to enter its Organs, and to set it at Work. Let me add also, that the same Hypothesis, well considered, will teach us to set a just Value on our particular Privilege of Sense and Reason; and inspire us with Gratitude to the bountiful Giver. It will moreover justify us in our arbitrary Dealings with these various Engines of Flesh and Blood, entrusted to our Use; excuse us from sacrificing their Lives and Labours to our Food and Luxury, our Ease and Diversion: And above all, it will clear our Fraternity of Hunters from the Imputations of Barbarity and Ingratitude, for persecuting an innocent Hare, and hanging up an old Hound.

There is an Objection yet behind; which, because it has a Moral and Religious Aspect, deserves I should pay my Respects to it.

*Obj.* But is there any Thing in the Sacred Scriptures, to confirm or countenance this Opinion? Nay, is not the contrary plainly implied, where the Brute Creation is any where mentioned? Was not, particularly, *Balaam's Ass* supposed to feel the Stripes he so reasonably complained of? And is it not to be inferred from that Text, that declares a *good Man to be merciful to his Beast*, that Creatures which are Objects of Mercy and Compassion, must need be sensible of Good and Evil, Pain or Pleasure? In fine, will not this Notion tend to the Destruction of God's Creatures; by taking from the Breasts of their Sovereign *Man*, all Fellow-feeling and Commiseration of their Wants and Distresses?

To this I answer; First, for the Objection from God's Word, I desire the benefit of the same Distinction, that has never been denied to Astronomers or Naturalists, on the like Occasions, that it is not the *Design of those holy Writings, to teach Men*  
*Philo-*



*Philosophy.* Knowledge of this Nature, is left to the Pursuit of the Studious and Inquisitive. Philosophical Speculations are never mentioned in a Categorical determinate Sense, but only with the View of advancing Morality, and the Glory of the Creator : And they are there spoken of, *ad captum Vulgi*, according to the Prejudices or Pre-apprehensions of mortal Man. The well known Texts of *the standing still of the Sun* ; the *greater Light* of the Moon, and the *lesser Light of the Stars*, &c. are never interpreted by learned Men, as Confutations of *Copernicus*, or *Sir Isaac Newton* ; but as Records of a controuling Power in the *Lord of Nature* : Nor are they admitted, or appealed to, as Decisions of Scholastick Questions. The speaking of the Ass was the Work of God, who, (as the Apostle observes) *opened his dumb Mouth to rebuke the Madness of the Prophet*. Nor does it imply the Sensation of that Animal, any more than where a Voice is metaphorically attributed to the *Stone of the Wall*, or the *Beam of the Timber*.

Nor wou'd it be the least Disadvantage to the dumb Creatures, was this Opinion of their Insensibility never so well received : Self-Interest and Pleasure are the only Motives that excite their Masters to breed and cherish them ; and whatever be their Opinion of their Sensibility, Experience shews us, they are less careful of them, than of Machines of their own making. Their Clocks and Cabinets are as well secured and look'd after, as their Sheep and Oxen : Nor are their Dwarfs, Espaliers, or Water-works, with less Diligence or Attention dress'd or cultivated than their Swine or Cart-Horses.

'Tis true, my System might taste of Heresy, if likely to travel so far as *Constantinople* ; and might possibly conduce, in an hard Winter, to the starving of *Tom-Tits* and *Robin-red-Breasts*. However, if half of those charitable Provisions consumed and  
exhausted

exhausted amongst the Disciples of *Mahomet*, to the Relief of old cast Dogs, useless Birds, Fishes, and Vermin, were converted to the Relief of starving Christians, in Consequence of my Doctrine, it might hope to escape these Censures of Impiety and Inhumanity.

But here in this Island, the Land of my Nativity (to whose Service only I dedicate my Labours) I cannot foresee any just Complaint, unless it be from (the necessary Play-fellows of the Ladies) Parrots and Squirrels, Monkeys and Lap-Dogs. For as to Creatures of any Use or Service, if my Notion deprives them of the *Compassion* of their Owners, it will free them from their *Passions* and Resentments also. The Supposition that they are thinking Animals, and conscious of what they do, inclines us to Anger and Rage against them; whereas, according to my Hypothesis, it is equally ridiculous to suffer our selves to be provoked with a Sheep, or a Bullock, for breaking into a Meadow, as with a swoln River, for overflowing its Banks.

I shall conclude this Argument with a short Story.

I was riding up a dirty Hill, and all of a sudden heard before me a terrible Uproar of Menaces, Oaths and Imprecations. I spurred on with no less Apprehensions than of Robbery or Murder; but drawing near, could observe nothing but a Country Farmer in hot Expostulation with his single Horse, for being at a Stand with his empty Cart. The Farmer (too deeply engaged to look behind him) stood raving like a Mad-Man, with his Carter's Whip in one Hand, and his naked Knife in the other; the first was at every Word laid over the Back; the last desperately pointed at the Sides of the rawbon'd Carrion; who seemed so fearless and insensible of his Danger, that he made no Answer; but with a restive Winch, a Nod of his Head,  
or

or a saucy Flirt of his Tail. At last the Driver made a full Stop; and after a brown Study, and muttering Soliloquy of one Moment, he hastily put his Knife into his Pocket, leap'd up into the Cart, and swore most horribly, (with the Whip in both Hands) *That if he would not draw the empty Cart, he should draw him too.* With this, such a Volley of Slashes fell about poor *Dobbin's* Ears, that (his Patience being also at an End) he turned short, and Horse, Man, and Cart together, came over the Causeway, into a deep Pool of Dirt and Water. The Fire being thus on all Sides quenched, and the Storm ceased, I thought it became me to help them on their Legs, and do my best to compose the Difference. The Farmer, by my Advice, very calmly took out his Horse, and rode home to change him for a better; and I pursued my Journey with this following Reflection: *Had this honest Countryman understood the Nature of his Beast, and looked on him as no other than an insensible Machine, he would have sav'd his Wrath, and escap'd his Fall, and been no more in a Fury with the Horse for not drawing, than with the Cart for not following.*




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